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# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Feature This Issue**  
"Skiffless in Ireland"  
"Green Heron" - "Cat Ketch to Schooner"

Volume 19 - Number 1

May 15, 2001



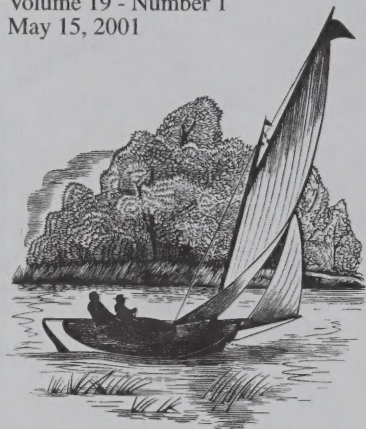
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# messing about in BOATS

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Volume 19 - Number 1  
May 15, 2001



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## Looking Ahead...

Foster Nostrand tells of his "shipwreck" in "Jack on the Beach"; Jim Thayer begins a four part series on adventures afloat overseas in "Big Boat Expose"; and Hugh Ware concludes his tale of "Inside the Inside Passage".

Anne and Ryerson Clark reveals what happened to them in "Boatbuilding for Sickoers"; and Sharon Brown has much to show and tell in "Model Boat Dreaming".

In response to popular demand (someone asked), Robb White commences a four part series on "Small Boat Design"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" features "A Kayak/Scow"; Jon Thomson concludes his series on "Green Heron"; and Phil Bolger & Friends offer "A Boatyard Workboat Concept".

Don Elliot carries on with his "Capsize, a Study of an Adventure"; Brad Lytle details a couple of useful "Boat Dollies"; and Eric Russell explains his new product in "Bye Bye Barnacles".

## On the Cover...

John Thomson's Green Heron is his creation as "the largest cruising boat for two that one can cartop", and he begins a two part series on his design in this issue.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



A recent newspaper article we received from a reader discussed the environmental threat posed when a landowner undertook to remove an abandoned boat from his property on a Massachusetts tidal river. The facts were as follows:

The landowner hired contractors to demolish and remove an abandoned boat on his waterfront land on a tidal river. It had been there for several years and had no identification as to who the owner was.

The demolition was undertaken unannounced with heavy equipment which arrived at 6am, smashed through the wetlands to get to the boat on the riverbank and commenced tearing the boat apart.

Neighbors called local officials whose minions descended upon the landowner and stopped the demolition. The landowner had permission from the town conservation agent to remove the boat from the 200' wide riverbank wetlands swath which is under regulatory control of the conservation commission, but apparently this did not apply to doing so with heavy machinery tearing up the wetlands and spilling pollutant oil and paint into the river.

This approach had been taken as the boat was embedded in the mud and could not easily be quietly (and acceptably to the community) dragged away without damage to the wetlands or pollution of the river. As a result, it was required that an environmental service firm come in at great expense to the landowner to determine the extent of the pollution of the river (which was found to be "less than two gallons"), and clean it up. It was mopped up with foam pads.

Now after all this hassle, there is an enforcement order against the landowner to remove the remains of the boat without using heavy machinery and to clean up any and all pollution of the impacted ground. His problem remains, how to achieve this? And it wasn't even his boat! In fact, it was someone else's "litter".

Litter exists along our waterways, on the beaches and shorelines, typically stuff that can be tossed overboard easily. But how does one cast off a large boat on someone else's waterfront land and depart undetected? This wasn't explained in the news report, the affected landowner wasn't talking to the media (I don't blame him for that, I wouldn't myself). How could it have been driven to the spot and beached? The subsequent removal of all the gear and materials that would identify it would also, I would think, attract local attention to the deed in process.

So how does one dispose of an old boat

no longer deemed desirable? Especially fiberglass? Abandonment seems one way to do it, the back rows in our local boatyards are lined with old boats whose owners have disappeared, leaving the yard owners with unpaid yard bills as well as disposal problems. One local yard, in a major cleanup effort a few years ago, carted the derelicts off to the municipal landfill, but this was made possible only through good connections in the community that sort of looked the other way as boat after boat arrived at the dump on flatbeds.

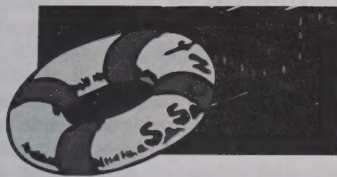
Some years ago I helped one local yard owner dispose of several abandoned old wooden daysailers. I brought along my big Jonsereds chain saw and cut them up like bread into narrow sections (rib to rib) that could then be trucked away to the landfill as "construction refuse". As I was cutting away, a couple of yard hangers-on were quite distressed to see the old boats so brutally done away with, regarding me as something of an axe murderer.

One solution is to advertise a "free boat", often there is someone out there who will take it away to save it. I've even been on that end of this sort of transaction, I've brought home several such dead boats, and subsequently found homes for them.

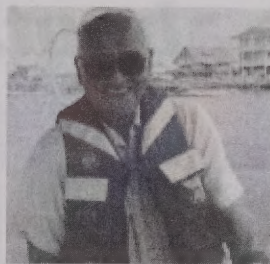
The unfortunate landowner whose situation prompted this discussion has now fallen afoul of the control freaks who run our society today. He didn't abandon the boat, but why he permitted it to happen originally is unexplained. The real perpetrator (favored police term heard on the TV news) of the dastardly deed is long gone and unknown. How to now get the wreckage that remains out of a protected wetland with no further environmental damage in a manner that will be approved by the regulatory folks now watching him closely? My guess is it would have to be by hiring of one of those licensed environmental service firms at great expense to come in and do the dismantling and carting off with elaborate and costly protective measures.

I witnessed this sort of thing when the home next door to me was bought by the adjacent airport and demolished in a day by a big excavator and trucked away. Left standing in lonely repose was the 275 gallon fuel oil tank, apparently harboring possible "hazardous waste". In a few days a spotless white truck fitted out with a polished stainless steel tank arrived with two guys in immaculate white coveralls and wearing rubber gloves, who carefully pumped out the fuel oil into the stainless tank and then hoisted the tank onto the truck's platform. Like to guess what that little deed must have cost?





## Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

### All Around White

"But I never go out at night!" So say dozens of boaters when I am checking them for safety equipment and ask about navigation lights. I have to point out that navigation lights are required on vessels 16' and over and must be used not only from sunset to sunrise but "in all conditions of reduced visibility", fog, haze, rain showers, thunderstorms. In all those situations nav lights do make a difference and part of my pre-underway check list on 18-551, even on a bright, sunny day, is to make sure my nav lights are burning properly.

There is a second significant problem with the navigation lights on many small boats. Federal regulations say that the 360 degree all-around white light must be a meter higher than the red/green bow lights. The issue here is not a measured meter but whether the 360 white light is truly "all around". Over and over I find the stern light wand far too short, meaning that the white light is blocked by the body of the operator or his passengers.

While it is clear to those astern, it sends a faulty signal to any other boat approaching from the bow or even from mid-ships. Night operation is difficult under the best of conditions but incorrect lights make it much, much more dangerous.

This is a simple and inexpensive problem to solve and I am always pleased when a vessel owner comes back to get his Safety Decal after he has made the correction.

### Mechanical Aptitude

It was a beautiful spring day. The boat was just back in the water after an extensive overhaul and the motor was running in top form. Suddenly it was not running at all! We put down the hook to try to solve the problem and at the same time called another Auxiliary boat that I knew from monitoring my radio was not too far from us to let them know of our difficulty.

My crew, who happened to be my son,

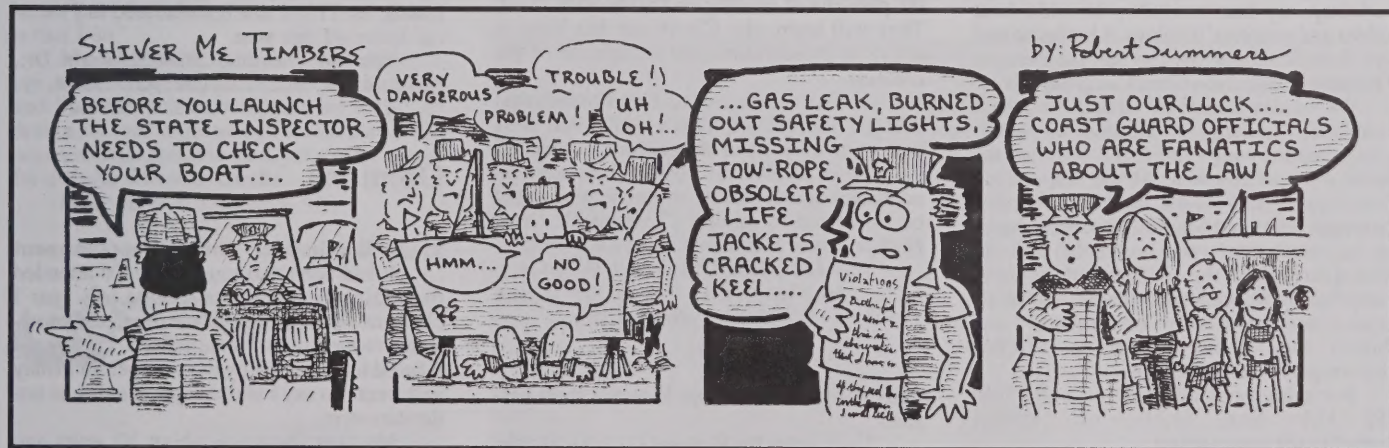
has mechanical skills which I lack and he soon eliminated all the obvious problems. We had some iced tea and thought for a few minutes and at this point the other Auxiliary boat arrived so if all else failed we had a tow. Then my son had an idea. He pulled off the fuel filter and emptied it in a bucket to find that the engine had failed because it was getting water in the gas. Once the filter was emptied and reinstalled the motor ran like a charm.

When I put the boat up last fall I made sure the tank was filled to the top and added preservative, the normal autumn routine. This year, for reasons I don't understand, it was not enough.

There is a moral to this story besides the obvious one that it is nice to have a crew member who knows about engines. If your motor stops suddenly during your first or second trip of the season, try emptying the gas filter. It may get you running smoothly again as it did for me.

### Unfamiliar Waters... Not on the Charts

I am currently training to become a radio watch stander at my local Coast Guard Station and one of the many things I must have is an intimate knowledge of the station's area of responsibility so my first patrol of the season had, as its primary mission, learning the location of places not shown on the charts. At what day mark does one find the geodesic house? Just where are the ten electric lift docks with no buildings anywhere near them? Since my normal patrols are in the extreme southern end of the station's AOR this took me into unfamiliar waters.



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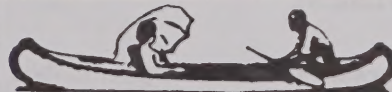
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## Activities & Events...

### No-Octane Regatta

The Adirondack Museum's No-Octane Regatta will celebrate its 11th Anniversary June 15-17. Approximately 2000 spectators and 80 to 120 boats are expected to gather for this early summer outing in the picturesque Adirondack hamlet of Blue Mountain Lake, NY.

Regatta Weekend begins on Friday, June 15, with a "Splash Into Summer" Party at Potter's Resort and Restaurant. A Saturday morning Log Drivers' Breakfast provides plenty of energy for the variety of races and events that follow. From the silly to the serious, Regatta events promise spectators a full day of excitement and amusement.

On Saturday out on the waters of Blue Mountain Lake, guideboats and sailing craft of all kinds battle wind and waves; daring canoeists propel their boats by bouncing on the gunnels to the finish of the gunneling race; long padded poles poke opponents off their gunnels and into the chilly waters in the jousting event; and the popular Hurry-Scurry race combines a dry-land sprint, a swimming crawl, and a scramble into a moored boat, which is furiously paddled to the finish.

Opportunity to try traditional wooden boats on the water is available to onlookers, and a Grand Parade of Boats concludes the afternoon.

Ashore, activities include a street puppet theater; paddle making demonstration and workshop; toy boat workshop for kids; boat builder and restorers' displays. A barbecue and barn dance continue the fun into the evening at Raquette Lake at the Great Camp Sagamore.

On Sunday the annual Great Adirondack Guideboat Challenge is featured, an invitational, timed-rowing event that determines the fastest class of rowboat. At the Adirondack Museum a toy boat regatta, model boat regatta, scavenger hunts and behind-the-scenes tour of the museum's renowned boat collection are offered throughout the day. Tours of the Great Camp Sagamore are also available, and an afternoon excursion cruise of Raquette Lake aboard the *W.W. Durant* is offered. Regatta-goers free of charge.

For additional information call (518) 352-7311 Ext. 124, or e-mail [acarroll@adkmuseum.org](mailto:acarroll@adkmuseum.org).

The Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY

### Clearwater Great Hudson River Revival

For over 20 years Clearwater's Great Hudson River Revival has been a spectacular annual celebration with six solar-powered stages, music, dancing, juggling, storytelling, juried crafts, the earthgoods marketplace, hands-on environmental exhibits, workshops, kid's activities, food and of course, the Hudson River. The Small Boat Builders Get Together has been a major feature at the Revival since the beginning. Boat builders and owners, staff members and students of boat building schools, have shown how a small boat is built

and used. Thousands of Revival visitors became acquainted with the craft of small boat building. Working on or playing with small boats drew people into an involvement with the Hudson River and its issues. Clearwater gained support for its environmental advocacy.

We met with a large measure of success. Visitors learned about small boats. Some bought boats at Revival or soon after. Many of the early exhibitors found a larger market for their craft to the extent that they are now fully occupied and cannot afford to join us. Boatbuilding school representatives are now committed to festivals based on Clearwater's model in their own communities. As a result, participation in Small Boat Builders' Get Together has shrunk. It is time for a change.

There will be no Small Boatbuilders' Get Together this year. Revival 2001 remains in Croton Point Park on the Hudson River on Father's Day weekend, June 16th & 17th. A new small boat feature will begin next year. Clearwater's Great Hudson River Messabout will give owners, builders and users a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. This is advance notice of the change.

Messabout will have a beautiful spot in Croton Point Park with ready access to the river and room for displays, demonstrations, and exhibits. Rather than simply showing small boats, we will be using them! Individuals and groups are invited to give each other and the public a chance to row, sail, paddle, whatever, each other's vessels after proper instruction under safe conditions. That way, members of the general public can experience the pleasure of boating on the Hudson River. They will learn why Clearwater has been so active at preservation and restoration of the Hudson.

As plans are firmed up Eric Russell and I will provide updates. Visit us at Revival 2001 with your advice and suggestions. Please tell us, now or at Revival 2001, the names and addresses of individuals or groups who might be interested in joining Clearwater's Great Hudson River Messabout at Revival 2002.

Stan Dickstein, Clearwater Boat Committee, 56 Clover Hill, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603, (845) 462-3113 after 7:30pm.

### 25th Annual Lake Union Wooden Boat Festival

The Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, Washington, will host its 25th Annual Wooden Boat Festival on Lake Union in Seattle on June 29, 30 & July 1. It will feature boats, boats and more boats, all types, all sizes, all wood. Visitors will be welcomed aboard boats to view them, ask owners questions and enjoy rides. Interaction with wooden boats and maritime skills is the quintessential element of our Festival. One can participate in several marine skill demonstrations, watch the Quick & Daring boatbuilding contest, see the future boatbuilders of America build toy boats.

The site is Seattle's newest waterfront park, the former Naval Reserve Base on Lake Union.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.

## Information of Interest...

### It Remains to Be Seen...

I wish to thank you for all of the support you have given to Floating the Apple practically from its start eight years ago, and most recently with yet another cover photo.

It has been messing about in boats on urban waterways and making this possible for everyone, especially young people, that has been our main thrust. We've had success in getting people in this city, and some other smaller waterway towns, to recognize their waterways as opportunities for recreation.

The boatbuilding projects in a variety of locations (with a current youth group building their 17' Whitehall gig in a new shop west of Rockefeller Plaza) has led to the improvisation of a half-dozen community boathouses in the city and in other towns up the Hudson River.

It remains to be seen whether what we've done will take permanent hold here. I have no doubt of its benefits to urban centers, and to people living in them, but related concepts have taken hold slowly and sometimes have yet to be recognized, and waterfront is commercially desirable and thus costly and becoming scarce.

Mike Davis, Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. #32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.

## Information You Need...

### Sailing Solar Sailer

I am interested in a 13' battery operated sailboat know as a Sailing Solar Sailer, built, I think, by TPI? I saw it mentioned in *Practical Sailor* #1 this year.

Edward Shecker, 2824 Shannon Dr., Punta Gorda, FL 33956, (941) 637-1369.

## Opinions...

### Maine Boatbuilder' Show Disappointment

It had been two years since I'd attended the Maine Boatbuilders' Show, last year I chickened out because of the predicted snowstorm (which didn't materialize). This year I refused to be put off by the weather on Friday and went. To say I was disappointed is an understatement.

My first show was about 10 years ago when I went to Portland to see two shows. The first was in a Portland arena where ice hockey is played. That show was a typical big production boat affair, all chrome, spit and polish. It held my interest for about five minutes. I had no idea what the Boatbuilders' Show was all about but decided to go see it in case it was different.

When I got there, I knew I was in the right place: Small boats, mostly of wood, powered by rowing, paddling, & sail. The men and women who were showing their wares were the kind of people *MAIB* attracts, about as far from the chrome yachting crowd as can be. It was a wonderful show and I eagerly look forward each year to the first issue of *MAIB* to display their ad. It has been the real harbinger



of spring and, along with *MAIB*, restores my faith in the old values and skills.

Over the years, as the show has gotten larger, I've not been happy with the shift to larger boats. But even two years ago, the balance was still reasonable. There were plenty of the flannel shirt, backyard builders to keep my faith that local boat industries were surviving. Not this year. The shift to huge, largely power, yachts dismayed me. There was a smattering of the little guys, but except for the first room by the entrance, they seemed few and far between.

So, for what it's worth, add my name to those old goats (I qualify since I'm retired!) who bemoan the price of progress. Maybe there will be another show sometime where the little guys can come together and show their stuff.

Michael B. Donham, Watertown, MA

## Projects...

### Thanks for Dolly Varden

I was just finishing a Portage Bay skiff and was looking for my next project when the Dolly Varden article caught my attention. I have a Honda 10hp outboard that needs a boat. I will probably shorten Dolly a bit but the lines are there. By the time your read this I will be cutting out the molds and tacking on the batens.

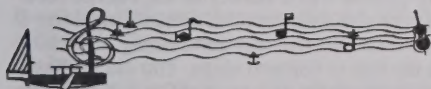
Ron Bertrand, Strafford, NH

### Just What It Is that I Do

I like to study and build Bolger boats, scuba dive, write music, and play my acoustic bass. And I grew up Lutheran. So my logo below puts that all together into "just what it is that I do".

My most recent launch is *Rambunctious*, my revised Martha Jane. In a few months Phil and Susanne will be wrapping up a custom design for me, large enough to sail across the ocean with an acoustic bass, yet small enough for a single fellow to handle.

Mike Stockstill, Raleigh, NC



## This Magazine...

### Open Letter To Joe

Dear Joe Pouliot of Apple Valley, Minnesota, thank you for sending me the copy of *Princess, New York* by Joe Richards that I asked about in a recent issue. Your package especially roused my attention because it came in a big "Ready Post" envelope, and I get very little mail, and because it was FREE! You mentioned that "it would be fun to send it," but you can't imagine how much fun it is to get something FREE!

But Joe, if you think it "might be fun it send it", let me tell you my adventures looking for a copy of this boating book that seemed inconsequential to me until I dreamed about it! There is a section, which you will remember where author Richards rigs a derrick and hauls his mast out of its step. When it clears the deck he finds the long end is too heavy and is crashing to the deck and in desperation he grabs the short end and finds he is not heavy enough. He suddenly finds himself thirty feet in the air but the mast comes gently to rest. He slides, with great insouciance, down to deck, as if it were all planned and his life not been in danger. He salutes the small audience but has the personal triumph of having the boatyard boss himself say, "We could use a man like you around here!"

This was exactly me in my dream, except for a splinter. And, no boatyard owner ever said he wanted me around at all, except for pay-up time. Anyway, I lost my copy of *Princess* over the years, (years will do that) and was spooked about looking for a copy. Nobody had even heard of the opus. Finally in desperation (one only does this in desperate straits, which are reportedly adjacent to Hasbrook Heights), I asked the Editor. Zap, he replied with the name of a bookseller (an

advertiser} who stated, "Of course, premium bound, dust jacket intact. \$30 plus S&H." The Editor also ran my one line inquiry, to which, you responded, with a copy FREE!

My life changed. Suddenly from no mail (except bills), I was getting letters from exotic places, Ohio, Wyoming, Florida, Louisiana and Alaska! from all over! Our five year mailman, Hector, actually spoke to me. Called me Bud.

Most of the mail, interestingly, was from book dealers. Imagine, Joe dealers of *Princess, N.Y.* They spoke of dust jackets extant, perfect binding, annotations, inscriptions. And they spoke of \$40, \$35, \$12!

Three letters were packets of print-outs, all suspiciously similar. The sender had a wife who was a "tigress" on the computer and had generated a wad of printouts from booksellers who listed poor little *Princess* at anywhere from \$5 to \$69.

Timorously, I dealt with the \$5 seller in someplace called Florida, and had sense enough to ask about S&H. \$3. Okay, but after giving him the Mastercard number the book arrived at \$7. But what the hell, I've got *Princess*. Then your book arrives FREE! And who knows what tomorrow's mail will bring? Maybe even a smile from Hector, the mailman.

I'm sending Bob Hicks a picture I took of the schooner *Freelance*, which has never before been published, for all the readers to enjoy in appreciation of your generosity. My course intersected *Freelance* in my schooner *Daniel White*, in 1967. He was logging a good 14 knots, *Daniel* never did nine, both being gaff rigged schooners. I got not a shred of recognition from the skipper of *Freelance*, not a glance, although we waved and cheered, but that's how it goes.

Foster Nostrand, Stamford, CT





Sailing: Twice we escaped from the shadows of the mountains out to where there was wind enough to sail. Gloria's husband had owned a big sailboat and I have sailed a bit here and there so, together with Mike and Tim, there were enough hands available for handling six sails. But first, Michael carefully drilled Gloria and me in certain routines. After all, we were now on a bigish, traditionally rigged craft with wooden-cheeked blocks and belaying pins in a pin rail, not on a modern yacht with fancy, chromed gear, or were we sailing something small. We learned how to pick a big coil off a belaying pin (or its equivalent, a stainless-steel pin run through a deck stanchion) and, when finished with the pull or whatever, coil the line and then reach through and grab the standing part and pull it out, twisting it around to hold the coil slung from the belaying pin. (Some of these lines are very long so we had to make big, arms-length coils). We were then shown which line did what.

But I must confess I was confused at times because of the way Michael had rigged the boat with many extra lines. Two halliards and a sheet (or was it two sheets and a halliard?) to the fore-topsail, lines from each bulwark to the tip of each boom and each gaff as preventers, and double-ended sheets on the, well, what I called the foresail although Michael insisted that it was the mainsail, anyways, the biggest sail, the one set on the forward mast. OK? And then there were running backstays on each mast, and these had to be released on one side and set-up on the other side each time we tacked.

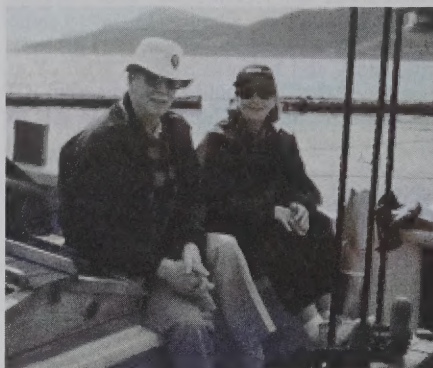
Some lines were of conventional braided synthetic material, "yachty" stuff, white and soft and easy on the hands. But much of the running rigging was of black polypropylene, a material of many virtues and also a few faults. Polypro lines are usually twisted instead of braided and, if black, look absolutely "right" on a traditional boat (tarred lines and all that). Polypro also is relatively cheap, it floats (nice if a line gets overboard), it resists ultra-violet ageing, and so on. But individual polypro fibers, when old, stiffen and break and the ends spring out, and then a rope is painful indeed to grab ahold of. Kind of like grabbing a hair shirt without having a penitent inside to chat with as distraction from your hands' pain.

When the time came to sail, we pulled on halliards, and each sail slowly rose. Michael insisted that the peak of a gaff must lag behind the progress of the gaff's jaw so coordination was necessary (I was trained the other way, peak somewhat ahead of the jaws). Small sails went up easily, big sails went harder. When each sail was pulled to the top and its halliard was belayed, it was time to "swig" the halliard for the ultimate in tightness. This is a two-person operation in which one pulls sharply outward on the taut halliard and then allows the line to slowly return while number two quickly takes up the resulting slack around the belaying pin. Thus it went for the five lower sails but the fore-topsail demanded that Tim climb up and release the sail while we tended the three lines that controlled it.

There were plenty of strings to pull, partly because Michael sets all six sails whenever possible and partly because of the safety lines on everything. All those boom preventers, gaff preventers, back stays, doubled sheets, etc make for very safe sailing but it was exciting the first few times we came about, what with

## In The Inside Passage Part 4

By Hugh Ware



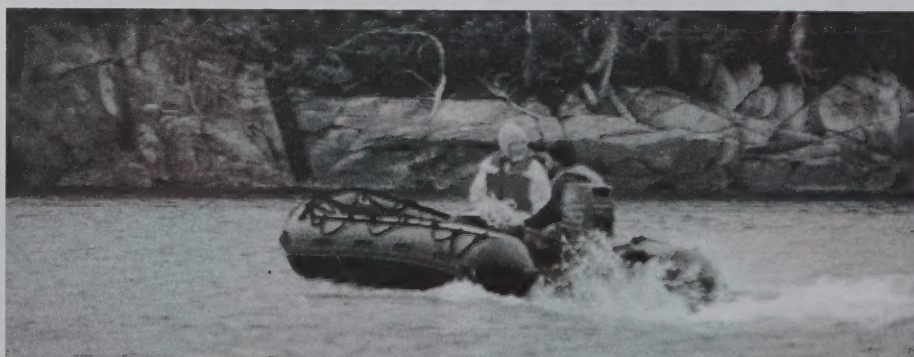
The writer and Gloria.

all the extra lines that had to be handled. Which line does what? Haul this, release that, let those out gradually as the boom and gaff swing over. Coil the long lines and hitch each coil over a belaying pin to get it out of the way and head for the next line to be handled.

Tim was bosun, ensuring that everything was done in turn and on time, even when someone (me, usually) was confused. Meanwhile, Tim also had dinner cooking on the range. Michael watched everything, quietly calling out an order or correction as necessary, and he turned the wheel only as fast as the sails were being correctly handled. *Duen* moved quite well under sail. In a fairly good wind, she moved at better than 7 knots while the Gardener diesel had pushed her at only six knots and an onion (an obscure nautical expression for a fraction of a knot that I delight in using here).

Our first sail was in Milbanke Sound, part of the Inside Passage but open to the sea. It was a glorious day and Tim took all passengers off in a Zodiac to photograph *Duen* under all sail except the fore-topsail. A small motorboat was passing from one direction and P&O's *Dawn Princess*, one of those durn "Loveboats", was steaming past in the other direction, its engine exhausts were hidden behind distinctive arches in place of a true funnel. Her general glossiness seemed inappropriate to the natural textures of stone, sea, and trees around her. *Duen* fitted into the scene far better than that floating hotel and we pitied those aboard the *Dawn Princess* for we had seen and would see far more of nature up-

Michael takes Frances out to set a crab pot. No luck.



close than they would.

The small boat that had passed *Duen* came back. It idled near *Duen*'s stern as the sole occupant and Michael traded comments. It soon left. When we in the Zodiac returned to *Duen*, Michael told us that it that it was an RCMP patrolboat. Since small rusty freighters filled with hundreds of Chinese wanna-be immigrants had been much in the recent news, we had a lovely spell of fantasizing about how the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were checking whether *Duen* and the loitering Zodiac full with nine obvious Occidentals were part of some illegal-immigration scheme (yes, one can still be childish at seventy). Michael's final word, however, was more prosaic; the RMCP operator hadn't seen *Duen* before and had merely stopped by to say hello to a colorful character boat and its skipper.

Fishing: Gloria was a first-class birdwatcher, with a list of some three thousand species spotted around the world. Dee was also a birdwatcher and wildlife spotter of great skill, while Jo was pretty good at spotting birds too. I watched for tugboats. Frances, it turned out, was a fishing fanatic. She put a baited line over the side at every opportunity but always without success, which was strange since we were in great fishing country and fish could be caught.

One day at anchor, most everybody went ashore but I stayed aboard for a nap. On deck, Michael picked up a big hunk of lead with protruding hooks. It was a jig and is used without bait. He lowered the jig over the side, jiggled it up and down, and soon had a smallish cod of some kind on deck. I was aroused by the stir and came up. He asked me to get Tim, who soon climbed through the front companionway from the galley. Fetching a small billy club, he efficiently bashed the head of the fish, thus putting it out of its misery as it gaped and suffocated in a thin alien fluid called air.

Tim then disappeared below to continue cooking dinner, while Michael lowered the jig again into the water. We chatted for no more than a minute before he got another bite. This time, he wanted Tim in a hurry-this was a bigger fish! Hand over hand, he pulled in the line until the fish was hanging from the straining derrick of his arm. Completely bright orange-red, with large, open mouth, big eyes, and gaping gills, it was a variety of the Pacific rockfish, or so a nature guide soon informed me. It also stated the fish was good eating, especially as the fish in fish and chips. Tim did his bashing thing again and went off to get a cutting board and knives. Frances soon returned and was very nice about Michael's success. The fish were served that night for dinner.



Frances continued to catch no fish, even though Michael took especial care to assist her, even taking her out on private two-person trips in the spare Zodiac to set a crab trap. But even crabs she couldn't catch, even when she used the remains of Michael's two fish as bait. Starfish came in the trap along with other useless marine life but no crabs. No nibbles, either, on the lines she dangled from *Duen's* deck. We were forced to conclude that Frances had brought a piscatorial jinx with her from New Zealand.

Namu (Oh Fateful Place): Namu was one of the few places shown on the Canadian chart covering our route. Many people may remember hearing years ago about the capture of a killer whale near Namu, an orca that was named "Namu" in commemoration. To us, Namu was a stop-over place where we would have a salmon banquet. It is essentially a closed-down cannery. We first spotted the place as short streak of buildings interrupting the green stretch of shoreline beyond some islands. As we got closer, we could pick out an amazing vessel tied to a pier. It was apparently a barge with an extraordinarily high bow. A nautical mystery for me to look into.

We went past this vessel to the back side of a large pale-green cement-block structure, obviously industrial. As we headed for the float, to the left were several cottages and a very small tug and a larger, very attractive tug perhaps fifty feet long. To the right were a float, three more vessels, and two young children ready to take our lines. They, a boy and girl and both pre-pubescent, were children of the caretaker and known to Michael from previous visits. They efficiently took our lines and soon their father ambled down onto the float, a tall, very thin man with a straggling red beard.

Boat-enthusiast that I am, I examined the three boats on the farside of the float. One was a derelict wooden motorboat and why it hadn't sunk wasn't obvious. The others were typical Northwest tugs of types probably seen nowhere else in the world. Both were in for repairs since the caretaker is handy with things mechanical. The smaller was similar to the very small tug across the way. They were examples of a winder, a sidewinder, a mule, a log bronc, take your pick of names and there are probably others. A hard-used piece of rusty industrial machinery with a flat-topped surfboard-like hull perhaps only 15' long, it had a 165hp GM diesel inside and a small cab atop the hull.

Inside this cab was a vertical shaft topped by a horizontal steering wheel directing an azimuthing propeller that can thrust the craft in any direction. Thus the "sidewinder" nomenclature. This ability is very useful when pushing a big log or log bundle around in the water (Tugboat Trivia: To stay in one spot, the wheel is rapidly rotated so the tug can't go in any one direction). The bow had steel teeth so the winder can't climb onto a log and so it can force the log into a wide range of maneuvers.

The other tug was larger, had a conventional drive system to the propeller, and is known as a yard tug. Its function is to move bundles of logs and assemble, or yard, them into rafts, perhaps for even larger tugs to tow away.

We climbed the ramp and looked into the first building. It held a well-equipped workshop with welding equipment for aluminum, plus a Bridgeport milling machine and other

tools. We continued on between similar green-painted buildings. Here was everything a company needed, still ready for use although the cannery had been closed for years; canning machinery, the cafeteria, the empty company store (complete with signs advertising the availability of souvenirs), the first-aid room, the timekeeper's office, the tool crib, and so on. In the power plant building, six big generators stood ready and one of several smaller units was generating power.

Next came a long boardwalk built above the shore's edge. It led inland past several multi-story wooden buildings to a lake. We decided to go thataway because we had been told we might see some cats along the lake's far shore. A sign warned us about possible grizzlies but Mike, in the lead, had pepper spray with him and was soon calling out, "We're coming, Mr. Bear. Don't be startled," and similar alertings. We boldly stepped onto the boardwalk, which seemed sound enough and was rock-steady although its planks had a few places where we decided that careful placement of a foot was a good idea.

We walked past the massive, two-storied "Edgewater", obviously a large dormitory. Inside, we could see beds and bedroom furniture of a simple nature, all very dusty. Next came a fork where the walk branched-off to another dormitory closer to the sea. Entry was blocked off because sections of this walk had collapsed. We climbed up a slight hill, past a large building with few windows. Stepping inside, we were surprised to find a basketball court and other rooms dedicated to sports and relaxation.

The walkway continued on into the woods. The lake supplied the fresh water necessary for cannery operations, and remnants of an old pipe, made from cedar staves wrapped in numerous close-spaced turns of spiraled wire and perhaps a foot in diameter, could be seen in the undergrowth along the boardwalk. Alongside them was a marvel of modern technology, a massive aluminum pipe wrapped in a thick, black sheathing of insulating foam with a tough surfacing. This pipe looked like new although it must have been installed a decade or more ago.

We reached the lake. No cats were visible and no grizzlies either. We visited a nearby rippling stream and then wandered slowly back, again enjoying the close look at nature without the necessity of fighting our way through it. Near the boardwalk's end, we turned up a side boardwalk to explore half a dozen houses for cannery managers. Superficially, they looked in good shape but closer inspection showed that they would soon succumb to the demands of weather and time. Joan picked some mint from an abandoned garden and we returned to the main boardwalk.

Stepping off its end, we took a different route between the cannery's buildings because Michael had moved *Duen* to the outside and it was tied to a float just behind the odd barge with that high bow. Most of us boarded *Duen* to get ready for the salmon banquet being made ready by Tim. I stayed on the float with Frances. Suddenly, we heard a loud crash and splash. Turning, we looked over at the boardwalk. A 100' section had fallen some ten or fifteen feet into the sea and, as we watched, a second stretch followed suit. Some 200' of the boardwalk, from its start to past the "Edgewater", was now jacksticks on the shore's rocks or timbers floating in the water.

At best guess, only two minutes had elapsed since the last of our party had stepped off that boardwalk! Had that little ceremony back at Kitimat played a part in our narrow escape? Some of us think so. We could only wonder what Michael was thinking that evening.

Quite glad that we hadn't needed to radio for seaplanes to evacuate wounded or dead, we sat down to the salmon dinner, served at benches and a table built on the float. The setting sun gilded everything with orange-gold and the food was delicious. We discussed life at Namu with the caretaker, his wife, and the two children. Missing was another caretaker, who was on leave. They, too, would soon go on leave, taking the ferry out of Bella Bella and chartering a seaplane to get back. The children chatted about how much money they had made guiding visitors and what they would do with it. There was much bantering between them and their father about who would pay for what and why they shouldn't have to pay for some items. Both children seemed very normal, perhaps even more self-reliant and better adjusted and more capable than most kids their age. For children living in such isolation, they seemed worldly and poised.

I asked about the barge, where a generator was pounding away steadily. It was powering thirteen deep freezers loaded with food, and the barge was a floating logging camp and would soon depart. This camp slept and fed twenty six loggers and the helicopter platform atop an accompanying fuel barge allowed for quick contact with civilization. I learned that floating camps are replacing land-based logging camps because they are slightly cheaper than making a logging camp complete with septic system at each logging site. They also have the virtue of being movable to another site. A third method of populating a logging site uses high-speed crew boats to carry logging crews between a site and a nearby community.

Also seeing increasing use in logging are helicopters (often Soviet-built Kamovs) to lift out logs from selected, marketable trees, leaving the rest of the forest untouched. Unfortunately, such selective logging is only possible on privately-owned land; Provincial policy in British Columbia requires that all Province-owned stumpage sold to loggers must be clear-cut, a policy that is indefensible to many. A logging road can cost \$1 million (Canadian) a mile and becomes a near-permanent, erosion-producing scar. Certainly, a slash-covered clear cut is offensive to the eyes until the slash and "openness" becomes gradually hidden by new growth.

Unfortunately again, this growth is usually planted by the loggers as the next generation of cuttable trees and thus is mono-specied, and there goes the diversity so necessary for wildlife! But clear-cutting has its defendants too. And then there are those who believe a forest is nothing more than an oversized field and that trees should be harvested much like carrots or cauliflower. Dialog continues among environmentalists, loggers, and bureaucrats about what policies are best overall, and progress does seem to be made, albeit slowly. I guess the question boils down to: Do we need lumber and paper so badly that we can't afford to set aside some old-growth timber for refreshment of the human spirit and maintenance of some reasonable number of all kinds of wild life?

(To Be Continued)



While we were in Northern Ireland, and before Northern Ireland became too active to accommodate days off for soldiers, we holidayed in a cottage owned by our battalion on the shores of Lough Neagh. Marlene and I had become friends with the battalion dentist and his wife and he had access to the Dental Corps' sailboat, a 24' glass sloop containing a cabin which was outfitted with fibreglass benches. It was all much like a motel shower stall.

John, the dentist, had told me that he had a rudimentary knowledge of sailing and I had told him the same of myself. Unfortunately, we both believed the other and assumed that he was being modest and, in fact, had sufficient skill to see us through a daysail on the Lough. We left our wives at the cottage and went to collect the sailboat which was berthed in a bay some miles to the north. The wind was blowing rather strongly but we felt committed and cast off to sail to the cottage with the glass skiff following on a long tow.

By the time we emerged from the bay and into the Lough we had seen enough of the wind and each other's skill to realise that we had

## Skiffless in Ireland

By Peter MacLaren

seriously underestimated the former and overestimated the latter. About this time our speed dropped to naught despite the power of the wind. This curious phenomenon was explained when we eventually looked aft and noticed that the skiff had sunk. It was following along as best it could with gunnels at water level. Clearly, the naval architect who specified her flotation requirements had been accurate to a fault as, with a full load of water, her freeboard was exactly zero.

The first problem, securing and bailing her, solved itself when the tow line parted. Recognising at last the significance of the wind velocity/seamanship ratio we accepted that it would be imprudent to attempt to gybe and, after several failed attempts, figured out how to tack. We had some difficulty in relocating the skiff which, having no wind surface whatever, was blowing ashore only at the most leisurely of paces. Once we had found her again it was clear that we could do no more. We

could not find any means of getting the damn boat to slow down and so, after several high speed passes, were forced to conclude that we would have to abandon the skiff and head for shelter while we were still able to manoeuvre.

The trip back into the bay was quick and without further incident but the problem of docking remained unsolved. We now had the high-speed pass down to a fine art and were able to buzz the dock but could not discover how to remain at it. An Irish fisherman was sitting on the dock watching us; unfortunately, he was enjoying watching us too much and made no effort to retrieve the line which we desperately threw onto the dock's surface each time we roared by. Eventually, our wives grew bored of awaiting our arrival at the cottage and drove to the bay where they recognised our predicament (without being surprised by it, we noted with dismay) and were able to seize our dockline offering on one of our tours past the dock. Using a turn around a cleat, they brought our voyage to an end with a snap-bang-spin and some inappropriate laughter. The skiff was never seen again.

How to retrieve the skiff you were towing while single-handed after it has broken loose in a rough sea: I know, this is never supposed to happen but it does. So the question is how to retrieve the skiff without too much fuss and bother...or loss of boat(s) or live(s)? The quick answer is: There's no way. It's gonna be a tussle so you might as well face it. Let's assume you have just spotted your skiff bobbing around back there in the waves, merrily blowing away in the wind.

In my case, my boat, the *Flamingo*, is blessed with flopper-stoppers (stabilizers), so the first thing is to lower one of 'em. This reduces her rolling which makes working on deck much easier, i.e., less difficult. One flopper is preferable to two here, because you want room to work, and the flopper stopper's line tends to get in the way of the skiff, after you get close to it again. Hang a fender or two over the other side, to fend off the skiff. They won't help much, but...

Next, check if a remnant of the painter line is hanging over the stern waiting to foul the prop. If all's clear, maneuver downwind to get back to the skiff and downwind of it, 'cause it will be drifting faster than you. Probably. If it's the other way around, then reverse the previous suggestion. Anyway on approaching the skiff take care to check its painter line. Is it in the water and is it long enough to foul your prop? If so, beware, stay clear, and somehow fish it out of the water.... But if so, there's good news, after you fish it out with your trusty boat-hook, you're in luck, because now you can tie her down again and be on your merry way. More likely, however, is that the painter line has broken or come loose from the bow and you've got to attach another. Somehow. Or something. And it's still blowing and seas are getting worse so you've got to be quick about it.

So, now that you're next to your skiff bouncing away there, like mad, the next problem is, the skiff will come drifting down on you on your windward side and tend to bash and scrape your hull mercilessly, fenders notwithstanding. So as soon as possible, get a line on her, pull her around to your lee side. She will still bash your hull from that side too, but not quite as madly. This, (pulling her around

## Next Time, Don't Let It Happen Again

By Jeff Douthwaite

your stern), is not easy either, because chances are it is her painter which broke, and how to get ahold of that, to attach a new line?

You will probably have to settle for looping a line around a thwart (seat) and pull on that and with your other hand push her off with the boathook. Note well that this line around the thwart won't do for a permanent towline because it will slip off to one side and the skiff will careen off to the other side when under tow. After which she will tend to ship water as she bucks into the waves crabwise if you pull faster than 2.5 knots. And as she ships water she becomes heavier and things only get worse. Needless to say, Murphy's law is alive and well.

Now you have two choices, neither of which is amiable. To attach a new painter to her bow somehow and tow her again, or to hoist her up on board. I chose the latter because I have a winch strong enough to lift the skiff, barely (not a wench, mine won't come with me). And the thwart in my skiff is staunch enough to use for lifting her. So hoist her up high enough, secure that, then pull her over rail and onto the aft deck. Whew. All this time you're trying not to bash the skiff and ship too much in the wind and waves' action.

If you lack a good boom and a rig for heavy lifting, which most do, you'll probably opt to attach a new painter and resume towing. Good luck. What you need now is a midget who is a good seaman who can climb into the skiff and attach a new painter to its bow, then climb back out onto your boat, all the time fending the skiff off with the other hand, or leg, so's it will stop knocking off patches of hull paint. This handy little fellow is not usually available. So you have somehow to do it yourself. I am not sure of the best answer here, and if you find it please let me know.

In desperation, I suggest throwing a longish coil of line into the skiff, which has its other end secured well to the ship, then getting into the skiff somehow, with a new painter line, firmly shoving off to avoid further banging

and gouging, tying end of a long line to the seat, then by carefully inching your way around, get where you can work on tying on the new painter. Watch out for whitecaps. Have an oar and a bailing can handy. Tie the new painter line to the bow somehow, firmly. Next retrace your steps, inch back around, amid the skiff, pull yourself back to the boat, tie the painter around something, untie the long line from the skiff, throw it up on the deck, and climb back aboard boat somehow. Whew again. Now quickly, after checking that no lines are loose in water, start towing the skiff to stop that infuriating banging of the skiff against your hull.

If you balk at abandoning yourself to the skiff in that rough sea, I don't blame you. Another, safer but less sure idea, is to grab the skiff, cowboy style, i.e., lasso it. Best way here, is to wrap a line around the skiff in an encircling maneuver, very carefully. This too is almost impossible in the wind for a singlehander, but not quite (that's where the challenge comes; all this is, just barely, possible.)

Use a long line, that floats of course, and lay it out full length in the water, then tow it around the skiff in a big U shape like a purse sein. With a boathook retrieve the other end. Then haul in both ends of line containing the skiff. Not too close. At least now you have a grip on her, not much of one, but... It may be enough to allow you to gently tow her out and away from the approaching rocks on the lee shore. It may be but I doubt it. The skiff will probably find a way to escape.

This lassoing-encircling technique is some local knowledge gleaned from a friend who spent a night or two in his trusty Troller tied to a red buoy off Depoe Bay. I asked the obvious, "Why not come on in here to the bay, instead of spending the night out there on that buoy?"

"I guess you haven't seen the entrance to Depoe in a blow. Bad scene. Better to use that handy red buoy for a mooring buoy," he said. He meant temporarily of course. "No, don't bother telling them Coasties. They wouldn't understand."

Well. Now that we have solved the problem of the runaway skiff, let that be a lesson to you. Next time, don't let it happen again.



# A Man, a Boat, And a Dream

By Dale R. Winke

It has been said that the greatest majestic "virtue", "dream", "goal", call it what you will, of a tree is not to be left standing out amongst thousands of other trees in some "old growth" forest, but to made into something useful. A home, a baseball bat, a finely crafted piece of furniture, and yes, a boat. A tree in its simplest of forms became the simplest of craft, but it is the creation that results from placing mind, hand, and tool, together as one, that shapes and crafts the parts that become the one, the boat.

In the 1930s, with the country on the brink of depression, a man, a Mr. Darst, chose to go out on his own and to pursue his "American Dream". He built sailboats, and he built powerboats, each one crafted from many a fine timber. In 1937 he built the *Lady Jane*, a 33' motor-cruiser. Nothing special mind you, there were many boats being built as he built the *Lady Jane*, Chris-Craft, Richardson and Lyman to name just a few. But in his shop each boat was crafted one at a time, plank by plank, rib by rib until each piece had grown into place, much like the trees from which the pieces had been created.

In August of that year, the *Lady Jane* took to her element, and the dream for Mr. Darst, as many times before became the reality. Not long after the *Lady Jane* left the Darst Boat Works, it closed, but not due to lack of work or because the dreams had vanished. Rather illness took Mr. Darst, and with him the hands that created, but his dreams would live on in his creations.

The *Lady Jane* served her original master well, carrying friends and family across the waters of Lake Erie safely and with much pleasure and fun. The U.S. entry into World War II resulted in her being "drafted" in to the service of the country, like many pleasure craft of her day. After the war she resumed peacetime life as a family cruiser, battleship gray paint lying just a layer beneath the white. She changed ownership a number of times, but she carried on as she was intended, as Mr. Darst

had dreamed and planned. Now however she rests in my family's storage yard. After 50+ years of service, she sits as time and the elements take their toll one day passing the next.

She is unique. She is undoubtedly, close to, if not the last of her kind, a Darst. The product of one man's dream, of his skill, of his craftsmanship. Perhaps though, with the canvas on her tops starting to peel back, the varnish cracking, the warped boards of the deck, there is represented more than just a boat, one man's creation. Might she represent how easy it has become to let the past simply slip away?

However, we people who take to the water in vessels made of wood choose to stand against the tide. We take that which some would call dead and discarded, and give new life, new purpose, and renewed respect to those who took the time to work the original creation. It is one thing to simply chop down a tree, it is another to create something greater from it, and it is our ability and freedom to create that makes us the nation and the people that we are. It is that same innate sense that allows us to recognize that which is worth saving, not to simply give in and scrap the wreck.

Yes, it's just an old boat, but it is the creation by one of us, and it is a reality that we should not be all to quick to simply ignore or tragically discard. For in our dreams and creations lies the foundations of someone else's adventure. How many have slipped away unnoticed I do not know, but this one I know will not.

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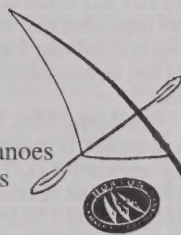
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Though I am not a big-deal sports fisherman like those who will go out on the big water and sit backwards in the smoke and troll for game fish all day long, I have caught quite a few very big fish just messing around with my little boat trying to catch a little something to eat. One of the most memorable was a giant cobio (cobia, ling) I caught a long time ago out on the flats east of St. Marks in Apalachee Bay off the Big Bend of Florida.

I remember that it was in the early spring... pine pollen time. I was doing a little subsistence farming back then and I had just finished planting corn. I had nursed along my new potatoes extra early and we had already felt around under the ground and fondled out a little taste and all of us (the boys were little back then) had wished for a fish to go with them. I don't know about you, but to us, big-dice new-potatoes scrubbed so the skin can stay on and just boiled up in the pot and daubed with plenty of butter (that's butter, not oleo) just cry out for a piece of fish to keep company on the plate. We vowed to leave those potato (red Pontiac) bushes alone until we could do it right.

This was back when I was still trying to build plywood boats and I had a 16' skiff that was a reject because it had been torn all to hell by a big turtle on its maiden voyage so bad that I had had to keep it and build the man another one. I don't even remember what kind of outboard I had on there at that time but I know it was a piece of junk... might have been a Scott Attwater. Might have been an old pump-primer Johnson five that I had for a while... one of those that had two separate carburetors: A tiny venturi kind of like a model airplane for idling and a regular float-bowl style one for running... both apt to dribble gas at any time. It certainly wasn't a Martin which I always wished I had. I kept one serviced for a man and it was a good motor but that ain't got nothing to do with this cobio business.

I knew it was too early for the water to have warmed up for the speckled trout (spotted weakfish, squeteague) to be doing anything. Them and the reds (red drum) would probably still be up in the rivers with a hundred jillion "crackers" anchored as close together around the hole (when it gets cold, fish from the flats seek deep water... underwater solution-holes like limesinks in the rivers... fish in a barrel) as the patrons at a chicken fight.

I must digress a little right here. You know, there are various degrees of Southerners. I ain't going to go all into it but we are easily disturbed by being called out of our name. The only corollary I can think of to the north is how y'all have all kinds of people who hang onto the ways of their ancestral country of origin. When I was in the Navy I learned a bunch of names for various kinds of Yankees and it didn't do to get them confused either. Like, everybody in Minnesota ain't a Norwegian bachelor farmer, down here, we ain't all "crackers".... for instance, some of us are black.

Dang. All them aside. Since I ain't crazy about indiscriminate socializing around a hole in the river with no chew-tobacco-crackers, I decided to take my chances out on the flats. It was a nice day... sort of breezy out of the east in the morning but it soon calmed completely off. I knew the no-see-ums were eating those speck fishermen up back there but it was so tranquil out on flats that I began to imagine

## Cobio

By Robb White

that I was not in an outboard motor powered boat at all and that my Zebco was not on my pole and my hook was a tiny stingaree spine lashed to a piece of shell by a strand of *Yucca filamentosa*. I readied myself.

There was nothing biting down there at all... wouldn't even steal my bait (cut up, frozen pinfish from back in the fall when the fishing was good). I could see some little wrasses and other grass dwellers swimming around down there but there were no black rock bass (sea bass) or any grunts (pigfish) or any other of the usual denizens of the turtle grass (*Thalassia* in the Gulf, equivalent to the, also diminishing, *Zostera* of the Atlantic flats... God help us). What I had hoped would happen was that the wonderful pompano would decide to cruise by but they didn't.

Since the dream was fading, I was just about to pull up and leave to go back to Georgia in time to shoot a few squirrels.... which, don't let the degenerate nature of your dependence on storebought goods fool you... squirrels, either boiled, fried baked, grilled or barbecued beat hell out of a lot of manufactured things. I am apt to nail them any chance I get but the one that I remember best was a squirrel who missed stays crossing the road on a high wire and fell onto my neck while I was driving down the street in my old convertible Cadillac... the one the man died in. Before he could figure out what to do, I had him wrapped up in a rag and stuffed into the glove box so I could deal with him later... but after I inspected him when I got home, he was so big-codded that I knew he would be rank and I am an epicure so I decided to turn him loose.

Wandering back to the fish story, here I was, at anchor, dreaming, out there on the flats, in my unpaid-for skiff, hoping to catch a fish and I did. I had decided to try one more spot and I had found a little hill of rocks like are so common on the flats of the big bend and was able to catch one or two little black rock bass. What I was hoping for was a sheephead which, as far as I know are just about the only in-shore fish unaffected by the very low water temperature (for this region) caused not only by the water being so thin that the cold nights can nip it all the way to the bottom but by the cooling effect of evaporation when the dry-northers blow.

There weren't any sheephead on that rock pile though and I was just about to pull up and go home after I caught one or two more of the little bass... just enough for a little taste... when something grabbed one of the little fish that I was pulling in. I didn't know what it was at first but it stripped line off my Zebco like it was going to get it all.... then it stopped and I thought for sure it was a stingaree which will act like that.... then I saw an enormous fish swim right under the boat where he stopped. I could barely see him under there but I knew immediately what he was.

I think I ought to tell you about the little hills of rocks like the one I was at. Most of them are limestone. All the coast of the big bend is limestone kind of like the Bahamas. There is a little more sand on top of it here,

but it ain't very deep and the limestone often pokes through. It makes for dangerous navigation which is a good thing. Sometimes in a dry fall when the rivers run so slow that they can't carry much mud, the water clears up almost like the Caribbean. We love to snorkle on the flats when that happens.

It is exciting to swim in clear water and look at all the strange and wonderful things that live in tropical places like the Bahamas but it is a special treat to swim with the old home-folks during the rare times when the water is clear. One time, when it was like that and our boys were little, we went to one of the rock outcroppings between the St. Marks and Aucilla Rivers. The water wasn't but about 18" deep but it was as clear as glass and we swam around with the warm sun on our backs for hours looking at pinfish, wrasses, scallops, shrimp, burrowing anenomes and all sorts of denizens looking out of their holes.

Finally, one of our boys found a piece of chipped flint, then another and then another one. There were a bunch of them... rejects. That outcropping of limestone had encapsulated nodules of flint and the wild people had gone out there and knocked off what they needed. We fell into the spell of being in that wonderful place.

Back to the fishing again. Cobio love to hang around any kind of object in the water. When they are migrating in the spring they'll stop off at channel markers, moored boats, rockpiles, pilings, anything, even tiny little things like crab trap buoys. One of my uncles caught one that was circling a bloated up dead goat. They don't mind shallow water either. I have even seen them circling a crab trap that was sticking out of the water. Cobio are very decisive fish. If they don't want to eat, you can throw all kinds of delicacies right under their noses and they'll just circle past and wave their tails at it but if they are in the mood, most any kind of live animal, even a full-grown blue crab, is snapped up with no ceremony.

This one had swum over to see what was what with that object floating quietly beside the rockpile and had found a little snack trying to get away from a little string in its mouth. My line wasn't but about six pound test or maybe even four... like I said, I ain't a major league sportsman and you can catch a lot more eating sized fish on light line than you can with big game stuff. I tried to gingerly lead that big fish out from under the boat so I could maybe hook him with the gaff. He was so big that I was a little afraid to gaff him and sure didn't want to put him in the boat green, so I really didn't know what the hell to do.

I did succeed in pulling him around so that his head was sticking out from under the side though, but I couldn't hold him without straightening out my little hook and he went right back in the shade. I sat there for a long time trying to think of something to do. Finally I decided to see if he would let me pull anchor and slowly ease over closer to the bank where it was shallow enough that I could get out after the gaff was in him but as soon as I pulled the boat a little bit toward the anchor, he swam off.

Holding the rod in one hand as he stripped off the little bit of line a Zebco will hold, I pulled the anchor with the other hand and my teeth. I was scrambling back to the engine to see if maybe I could get started before all the line was gone when he quit running again and pretty soon, here he came back under the boat.



As soon as he had settled down and I had my line back, I began to gently scull the boat toward the far-away shore. He stayed with me for a little while but then he took off again. It was the same as before. He ran slowly out about fifty yards and then turned around and came back.

This thing could get boring if I was to tell it blow-by-blow, so I'll just hit the high points from now on. It turned out that he would only stay with the boat if I stayed near the rock pile. If I tried to go toward the shore, just as soon as he realized that he wasn't right where he wanted to be, he would swim off. If I had succeeded in moving very much, he would go back to the rock pile instead of the boat and I was afraid he would cut me off on some barnacles or oysters so I tried my best to do what he wanted me to do which was to stay close to the rocks so he would feel comfortable.

I was afraid to anchor again, not only because I was worried that it might spook him for good but sometimes he would make four or five circles around the boat just to check out his territory, I guess, and I knew he would wrap up with the anchor line so I had to hold the boat against the tide (still not a breath of wind) by sculling all afternoon while I tried to get up the nerve to gaff him. I wished I'd had my little mullet harpoon. If I had, I would have been home with him by then.

Finally it got so late that I knew it would be dark by the time I could get back to the boat ramp so I decided to lead him out and see if I could maybe snatch hook him under the jaw with a bigger hook from my tackle box and a short section of 3/8" line that I had. I knew he would probably pull my arm out of joint (he was a very big fish) and put a rope burn on me that would stay for weeks, but I couldn't think of anything else so I opened up the tackle box to get the hook.... I spied my pistol. "Dammit," I wailed "why didn't I think of that a long time ago?"

It was an old, rusty Browning style (Fabrique National, Belgium) 9mm war-pistol that my wife's uncle had liberated during WWII. I could never hit a thing with it but it was so rusty and useless that I kept it in my tackle box sort of like ballast. The old thing had a clip that held about umpteen shells and they were solid nosed and I hoped that they would penetrate enough water that I could do enough damage so he would give out before my line did. I urged him out from under the boat again. It took a few tries before I could get his head up shallow enough that I thought the puny pistol bullet might be able to reach

something vital.

I hate to stop right here and let this out, but members of my family have shot quite a few fish. My grandmother was the worst of us about it. Every spring, when the bass (large-mouth bass.. freshwater fish) went on the bed in the shallow water of the fringes of our old, big swampy pond, she would set up her tripod rig and wade out and climb up before day and as soon as she could see, she would nail one, really big, female bass with her .25/.35, which all those who do that know is the best penetrator of water. They say it's because it has such a long skinny bullet. I am way off the track now, but I guess I'll just have to tell this story.

After the men all came home from WWII one of my uncles had a Japanese war-rifle that he had picked up. I think it was 6.5mm but whatever it was, it had a very long, skinny bullet and everybody wanted to know how it would work for shooting fish so when the spring of '46 came, they set up the tripod and this uncle climbed up to the seat before day and shot a big bass with the war-rifle. The only thing was that he was set up kind of awkward and the tripod was sort of ineptly arranged and he hit the water about the same time as the bullet (is that proof of some law of physics?). My grandmother said she didn't care if that thing would shoot through three feet of water, she was going to stay with her .25/.35. Which I still have.

And which I wished for when I pulled that big Cobio out from under the boat for the last time. I aimed that pooty pistol as carefully as I could in the dusk-dark.... just behind the gills where the spine goes into the skull and, trying as hard as I could not to flinch, squeezed the rusty trigger.


Blap-blap-blap-blappety-blap-blap... That thing shot like a machine gun so many times that I thought it must be manufacturing shells somehow. It didn't seem like it would ever stop and after it finally did, water fell down out of the sky for about ten minutes. I found out what the trouble was later. The firing pin was so rusty that it had stuck in the hole and every time the slide cycled and the shell hit bottom it hit the primer and so on. I had to sit down and calm myself after all that.

When I finally got straight, I looked over the side and there was my fish lying on the bottom in about 10' of water. I could see a little blood diffusing out of one (one) hole right where I had aimed. Now what? When I pulled on the line, I found that it was still hooked up to him and I tried to lift him up from the bot-

tom but he was so heavy that though I could raise his head a little bit, I knew I would never pull him up high enough to reach so I started trying to lash the gaff to an oar (while sculling and tending the rod too).

Finally I realized that it was soon going to be so dark that I wouldn't be able to see him down there anymore and all this fooling around would be wasted... besides, it was getting cold so I did what I had to do.... like to have froze to death before I finally got back to the ramp.

I felt like some kind of animal as I finally dragged in with my prey and all the other little animals came to sniff at what I had brought them. We cut that big fish into steaks and, even though it was late and a school night, grilled some on a bed of coals out in the yard... pot of new potatoes steaming to the side... plate of butter gathering ashes. He was delicious too, bless his soul. I was certainly sorry when I went to the freezer and found that those big steaks had been eaten up but by then, there were plenty of lesser fish out on the flats.




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WOODEN MAST....



WOULDN'T FLOAT!



by: Robert Summers



# Ocean County Council of Maritime Museums Formed

Coordination of the activities of the three maritime museums in Ocean County, New Jersey, got off to a strong start for this year at a meeting held at the on February 12. The meeting was attended by John Gormley, Executive Director of Tuckerton Seaport; Pat Burke, Museum Director of the Toms River Seaport Society and Maritime Museum; Bob O'Brien, Director of the New Jersey Museum of Boating in Point Pleasant; and Chet Ehrman, Chairman of the Council.

Since its formation in October, 2000 the Ocean County Council of Maritime Museums has continued to develop ways to strengthen the ties between the three member museums. The goal is to provide the public with a comprehensive view of the rich maritime history of Barnegat Bay and Ocean County.

The Tuckerton Seaport opened in May, 2000, and is a project of the Barnegat Bay Decoy and Baymen's Museum Inc., which opened in 1990. They have 13 buildings, each representing a different maritime trade. More buildings are under construction including a Yacht Club which will open in May, 2001. The Seaport has about 4,700 members and is open from 9am to 5pm throughout the year. (609) 296-8868.

The Toms River Seaport Society and Maritime Museum was founded in 1976 and

occupies an 1868 Carriage House on the former estate of Mr. Joseph Francis, developer of the "lifecar", which was used to rescue seamen from wrecked ships. An actual "lifecar" is on display in the Museum, along with a collection of Barnegat Bay boats of historic significance. The society has about 350 members and is open from 10am to 2pm on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday throughout the year. (732) 349-9209.

The New Jersey Museum of Boating was founded in September, 1999, and is located in Building 12 at Johnson Brothers Boat Works in Point Pleasant. This building was formerly used to build the famous Hubert Johnson boats. Many historic craft and an extensive collection of pictures and artifacts from local New Jersey boat builders are on display. The Museum has about 200 members and is open daily throughout the year from 10am to 4pm. (732) 295-2072.

Each of the three museums will have major wooden boat shows during 2001, starting with the Toms River Seaport Society's 24th Annual Wooden Boat Festival at Huddy Park, Toms River, on July 14. The feature boat this year is the 1924 A-Cat, the *Spy*. All the A-Cats will race on Friday, July 13. The 90' New Jersey Tall Ship, the *Meerwald*, will be available for boarding at the Festival to see how life was on a 1928 wooden, 2-masted oyster schooner. The Festival will include viewing of the many vintage and classic boats and antique outboard motors, watching radio-controlled model boats in action, shopping at the nautical vendor booths, buying bargains at the nautical flea market, watching a boat built in a day, attending storytelling of Barnegat Bay history, boat rides, and much more. Food of all types will be served.

The Tuckerton Seaport will hold its Second Annual Classic Boat Festival at its location on Tuckerton Creek on August 18 and 19. This show will feature many vintage boats in the water and on land, boat rides on the bay, boatbuilding demonstrations, nautical vendor booths, live demonstrations of maritime trades of yesteryear by costumed, skilled craftsmen, good food, and much more.

The New Jersey Museum of Boating will host the 15th Annual Boat Show of the

Barnegat Bay Chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society on September 15 at Johnson Brothers Boat Works in Point Pleasant. This show is a judged competition which provides awards to the best boats in several categories. Some of the best maintained classic boats from Barnegat Bay and elsewhere show up each year, with about 50 boats appearing at last year's show. The New Jersey Museum of Boating will be open for viewing historic boats and nautical memorabilia that reflect the rich maritime heritage of New Jersey. In addition, nautical vendors, a nautical flea market, food, and other attractions will be provided.

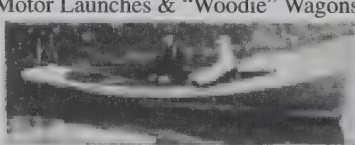
The Council has established a basis for the three museums to coordinate these shows to provide the public with an opportunity to enjoy the maritime heritage throughout the summer months. Each of the shows requires a considerable effort by its members and other volunteers, and members of each museum are being encouraged to get involved with the other museums in the Council. The camaraderie of the members of all three museums will be enhanced by several social functions throughout the year. This is a great opportunity for people of all ages, men and women, to get involved in an exciting and rewarding activity. New members and volunteers are encouraged to call the phone numbers identified previously if you wish to get involved with the shows.

The Council will foster the installation of new exhibits and new programs, with the potential for exchanging exhibits with other museums in the state and eventually outside the state. Some of the exhibits to be expanded in the Ocean County museums are the history of duck hunting, garvey boats, wooden boat building and repair, clamming, oystering, life-saving, etc. Efforts are being made to seek input from people who have knowledge of past and present activities on these subjects, including stories, pictures, artifacts, etc. Anyone interested in participating in these activities of historic significance should call the phone numbers identified previously.

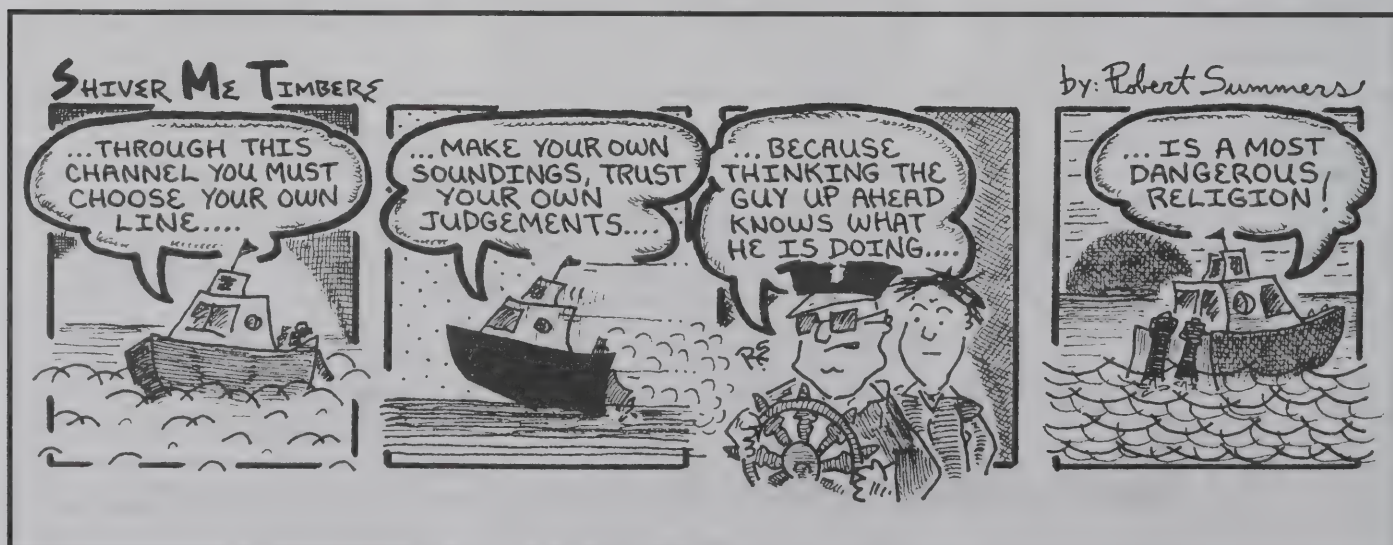
For information about the Council and the activities of the three Ocean County Maritime Museums, contact Chet Ehrman at (908) 647-5022.



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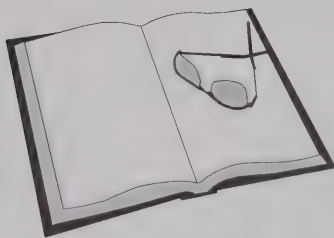




# Paddling Cape Cod A Coastal Explorer's Guide

By Shirley and Fred Bull  
Backcountry Guides, Woodstock, VT  
2000, Softbound \$16.95

Reviewed by John Hawkinson



## Book Reviews

### Exploring The Hidden Charles

By Michael Tougias  
Appalachian Mountain Club Books Boston,  
MA  
1997 Softbound \$12.95

Reviewed by John Hawkinson

This coastal paddling guidebook details 35 readily accessible tours on Cape Cod. Tidal currents play a major role on the waterways of the Cape, and the explicit instructions contained in this text should prevent prolonged paddling against adverse wind and current as well as a stranding high and dry in a marsh.

The authors run a canoe and kayak firm on Cape Cod, and have led these sorts of tours since 1993. They know the area and have a clear grasp of how much effort one can exert in the course of a day. They define coastal paddling as follows: "Coastal paddling means exploring tidal creeks, rivers, bays, and any other interesting little inlet just around the bend. Sea kayakers on the open ocean also need to work with tides for maximum enjoyment and safety; however, coastal paddlers are more at the mercy of the tides because many areas cannot be navigated at low water. A little knowledge of how tides and currents work will result in much more enjoyable and successful excursions."

Before the description of each tour, there is a summary table listing maps, launch location, habitat, time and distance, conditions, launch time, permits, parking, facilities, handicap access, and directions to launch. USGS maps are needed to supplement the excellent local maps printed in the text. Luckily, the majority of the tours have launch sites and parking where they begin at locations where no local permit is needed. Shirley and Fred Bull pay careful attention to safety, giving clear instructions about sun protection, personal flotation devices, body temperature and fatigue.

Time coordination is key to all of these tours. The optimum starting time before or after high or low water at Boston is listed in the instructions for each episode. Some of the tours are best accomplished in early morning where an adverse afternoon sea breeze can be counted on. Other spots favor the afternoon, for example Basset's Island, where one can enjoy a spectacular sunset over Buzzard's Bay. The beauty of this compendium is that we have a wide choice of cruises given the times and tides available. If low water at Boston is at 0900 on your Saturday off, tour number 2 at Pocasset is perfect for an early start but tour 19 at Barnstable would not work. There are sufficient alternatives within the margins of the Cape to allow you to experience coastal paddling if you heed the tide tables.

These authors concentrate their efforts on the detailed information to guide the paddler across very attractive tidal areas. There are many excellent drawings of waterfowl and other wild things by Phyllis Evenden sprinkled through the text as an esthetic dessert to a serious paddling guide. There is some historical material in the text, and a wealth of information about plant and wildlife. Turtles, dragonflies, whelks, beach plums and swans are not neglected.

Hidden within the hinterlands west of Boston flows a gentle, civilized river from its beginning in an obscure set of creeks and ponds to the harbor of this major seaport. The Charles covers a scant, if meandering, 80 miles. The rich history of native America, colonization, Indian wars, Revolution, industrialization and modern urbanization has occurred along its banks. This river can support a level of canoeing, fishing, hiking, cycling and bird watching surprising in the proximity of so much population and industry.

Michael Tougias works in Boston and has explored by canoe, fished, observed and enjoyed the Charles River for many years. In his words, "I tried to learn everything I could about the river, and the river in turn taught me the virtues of patience and observation. Trips were more fruitful in terms of enjoying nature when I left my wristwatch at home and let the day unfold, rather than stick to any plan or preconceived notions. Nature truly does reveal itself in subtle ways and on its own schedule." He admits to overt enthusiasm for catching fish and has found the Charles a plentiful source of bass, pickerel, carp and even pike.

The book covers one day's distance in each chapter, explaining the relation of the river in each locality to history, the current people and towns and how they have evolved. Changes in stream width, depth, currents, and obstructions are blended with descriptions of preserved areas and towns. The author shows us how to gain access to the Charles in each location: we learn where to paddle what to look for, and to consider returning to a favorite spot again and again.

The upper Charles begins in Echo Lake near Hopkinton, barely a trickle. It is hardly navigable for the first miles, but soon becomes a large creek in the country that winds in many directions. The early river including the great marsh is truly rustic and makes for pleasant paddling. Further down in one stretch there are so many dams in close succession that Tougias suggests hiking rather than canoeing. Here the birds and trees and vistas are still as glorious, but we miss the waterborne sights.

As Cambridge and Boston are ap-

proached the river gets wider, the boats larger, more powerful and plentiful and we reach the city, the universities, and eventually the harbor. All along the journey we see the preserved areas set aside by fore-thinking planners and philanthropists. Since 1891 The Trustees of Reservations have overseen seven tracts totaling nearly 1,500 acres along the Charles. There is also a Charles River Watershed Association that acts as a watchdog to eliminate sources of pollution and restore the river from the adverse effects of industry as well as wastewater sewage.

The number of dams is countless, each interrupting small craft passage. These dams all were utilized for power at one time, but they have lapsed into silence. One could hardly eliminate these sleeping barriers after the lands surrounding the descending levels of the river have been built upon for so many years. We had a look at the middle Charles in late January, and we saw the river above the Lower Natick Dam. Even in midwinter this stretch looked inviting to paddle.

Each of the eight segments of the book concludes with specific notes about planning your day's progress. The maps and photographs that accompany the text acquaint us with the Charles in each area. The author urges the use of USGS charts both to locate obstructions and fast water, and to avoid entering a wrong channel or blind offshoot in the lower reaches. The same water may be approached whether you are in a single car or in a team with a vehicle at both ends of the run. Besides the canoe route the hiking, cycling, bird watching and angling are clearly outlined. We are told what to avoid and why, but the text leaves us with the feeling that there is a lot of beauty to be found on the Charles.

The story of a river needs to be told by someone who has spent years to explore it and time to listen to at least one who lived by it for a lifetime. Tougias talked at length with an 82 year-old trapper who subsisted by trapping, cutting firewood and collecting scrap metal. From this ancient he was able to convey a sense of the change that has occurred in the recent past. He recalls formerly wild areas smothered by department stores, but can show us equally unspoiled areas with fish and game.

"Peacefulness is what the Charles is all about: with few rapids, this slow flowing river's natural state is quiet and calm, like a friend who never gets flustered. The river takes its time on the way to the bay, poking along, going north, then south, east then west, as if to say, "What's the rush?"

**Note:** Two web sources for USGS maps are: <http://www.omnimap.com/index.htm> and <http://www.freshtracksmaps.com/maps-usgs.htm>.



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On a sandbar in Pine Island Sound.

## Converting Egret Cat Ketch to Schooner

By Dennis Bradley

Wherein I describe how Fred and I find and modify, in a rough and ready way, a replica of Commodore Munroe's famous sharpie *Egret*. "Commodore" Ralph Munroe is widely credited with introducing the sharpie type to Florida's Biscayne Bay in the 1870s with his design *Kingfisher*. Born on New York's Staten Island shortly before the Civil War, Munroe's youth and adolescence were spent on its shallow bays and estuaries where sharpies were popular due to their speed, simple construction, and functionality. And when he visited and eventually moved his family to Biscayne Bay their application there was obvious.

After *Kingfisher's* success, he had another sharpie, *Egret*, built to his plan in Staten Island and shipped down on the Mallory steamship line in 1887. In this design he attempted to combine the best features of the sharpie and dory types. And by most accounts, he succeeded. He wanted a boat that could negotiate the shallow flats and sandbars of



On the dock in Grand Marais Harbor.

Reconstruction under a mango tree in Pine Island, Florida.



Florida's southeast coastal rivers and keys. But he also sought a craft with the sea-keeping abilities to handle the Gulf Stream in a "Norther", a wicked combination of northerly winds against the Gulf Stream.

As a rule, pure sharpies were not known for their sea-keeping abilities, thus the *Egret* hybrid with its double-ended sweeping sheer. For what sailor would willingly throw away a 24 knot "kick in the pants" if it could be achieved in safety? And according to his delightful autobiography, *The Commodore's Story* (published by the Florida Historical Society), Munroe routinely took *Egret* offshore to take advantage of the Stream while working his way north.

In 1998 Fred Armbruster and I were fortunate to find, quite by accident, and in Minnesota, of all places, an *Egret* replica built in 1987 by Marc Thiessen of Woodbury, Minnesota. He beautifully executed *WoodenBoat* magazine's admittedly speculative plans (the originals were destroyed in a 1920s hurricane). However, Marc built her much more heavily. Doubled bottom and sides of Douglas fir marine ply. 1-1/4" and 3/4" respectively, laminated fir keelson 4" x 7-1/2", chine logs 2" x 6", oak trunk, coaming, centerboard, and rudder, and Douglas fir spars. The front half of the trunk is one piece of steam bent oak 5/8" thick. Sails were beautifully made of a synthetic beige canvas-like material with 8" vertical panels. She was gaff-rigged and outfitted like the original, complete with brick ballast.

As old photos of the original confirm, Marc built her with no ports in the trunk sides, with "park bench" seats in the cockpit, and two louvered doors in the aft cabin bulkhead. Their sills were only a few inches above the bottom and one crawled into the pitch-black cabin on hands and knees. Thus the cruising accommodations were Spartan at best and a knockdown would be serious, even though unlikely. Marc added a faired motor-well where the original helmsman's seat had been. An older 9.9hp low profile Evinrude outboard fits perfectly and drives her at more than hull speed with less than full throttle.

And while she was a bit neglected when we found her (Marc had sold her to another), Fred and I have modified and reconditioned her extensively in a rough and ready way to fit our somewhat cushier cruising requirements. Nonetheless, *Egret* remains an elemental if not exactly Spartan cruiser. Our first modifications consisted of the following carried out in November of '98 in Minnesota and completed in January on Florida's Pine Island.

1. Three elliptical lexan portlights to a side, each scaled to the trunk's diminishing height forward.

2. Two 18" x 24" sliding hatches with drop boards on either side of the mizzen and an 18" lexan forehatch.

3. A self-draining cockpit with removable and stowable heavy-weather hatches over the footwell.

4. A longer tiller.

5. Cut down and reinforced oak centerboard and trunk with stainless steel straps to open up the interior. Also added two-part centerboard pennant.

6. Replaced brick ballast with 1,100 pounds of sheet lead screwed to the inside bottom.

7. Changed original halyards from single-part to two-part to be able to adjust sails



more precisely, and altered sheet leads and halyard leads to cockpit.

8. Refinished deck and spars.

9. Added a simple electrical system with battery, simple solar charger panel, breakers, interior lights and removable navigation lights.

10. Rebuilt and painted an over-built yard trailer to make it roadworthy by adding bunks, winch, lights, surge brakes, and a heavy-duty torque axle to ease launching.

11. Added a cockpit bimini, not only reducing our sun exposure but also providing a convenient place to store mizzen whilst at anchor. It also holds a large mosquito bar to extend living space after dark. A simple rectangle of "noseum-proof" netting with fishing weights around the margin suffices to cover each sliding hatch.

12. Reinforced cabin top (which was only 1/2" MDO plywood) with 1/4" x 3" deck beams spaced every 6".

In Charlotte Harbor on Florida's West Coast for the next three months, Fred and I had a great time learning how handy she was and enjoying her with spouses, friends and grandchildren. *Egret* elicits passionate comments wherever she goes. But one feature we noticed immediately was her excessive weather helm. Surely, it was due in part to the fact that, while designed as a cat-ketch, *Egret's* slightly larger mainsail was somehow cut too long on the foot to fit between the masts and instead had been hoisted on the mizzen.

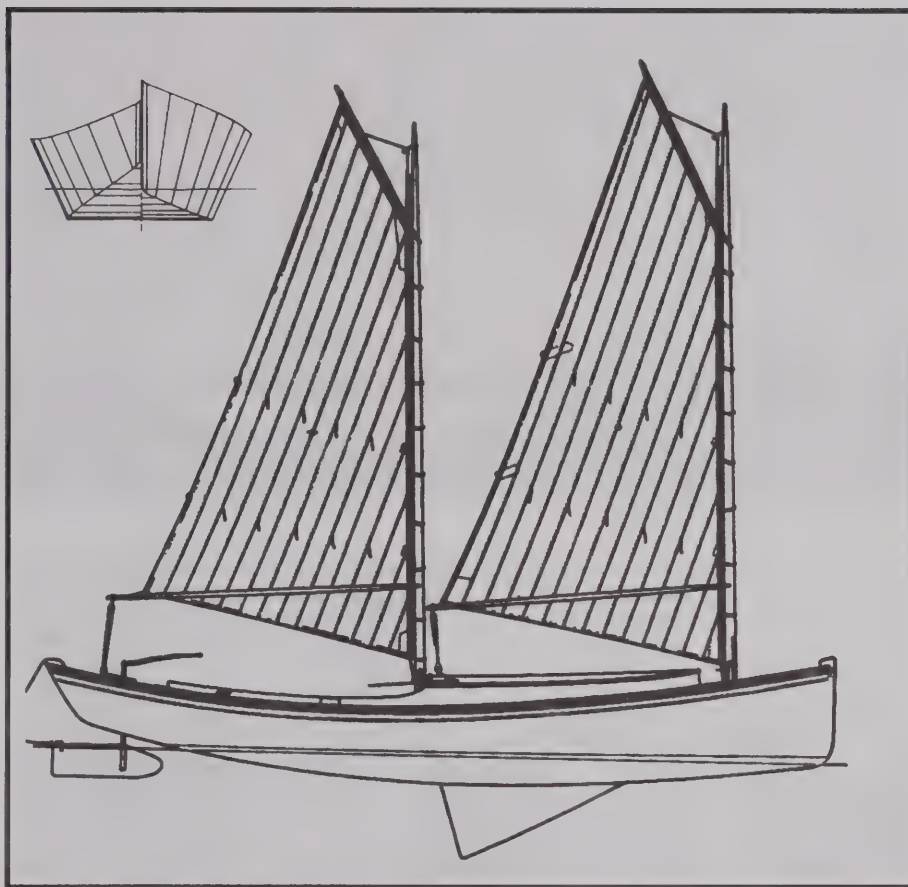
However, owners of other *Egret* replicas had made similar comments. For example, in *WoodenBoat* magazine's 25th Anniversary issue, where *Egret* was one of several memorable boats chosen to highlight *WB's* celebration, the owner mentioned the same problem despite her many virtues. His solution, however, was counter-productive in our view: He not only changed from gaff to a Bermudan but also reduced the mizzen area. I say "counter-productive" because *Egret's* original sail area was already small for a 28'/4000lb boat.

We think a better solution was adding horizontal end plates to the top and bottom of the rudder. Philip Bolger recommends these plates for all his shallow-draft rudders. Such a change was quickly made and a great improvement in helm balance resulted. Moreover, we saw no immediate reason to re-cut our *Egret's* beautiful sails. In short, our *Egret* was now really a cat-schooner with main and foresail (nevertheless, we still refer to them as main and mizzen).

After sailing *Egret* in Florida that spring and in Minnesota for the next two summers, including much time on Lake Superior, Fred and I had a chance to help build another *WoodenBoat* magazine design, Nelson Zimmer's 19' Mackinaw Boat, at the North House Folk School in Grand Marais, Minnesota. It is rigged as a gaff-ketch with quite a long sleeved bowsprit and despite being heavily built, is amazingly nimble and fast.

Thus inspired by her performance and appearance, I took it upon myself to do some calculations regarding adding a similar steeved bowsprit and a self-tacking jib to *Egret*. This not only increased her already marginal sail area, but also improved her balance at one stroke. Plus, a jib would presumably increase her sailing efficiency by the interaction 'tween jib and mainsail.

Such thoughts were given added impetus by a recent article in the magazine *Good*



The prototype under sail on Lake Superior.

*Old Boats*. Written by Ted Brewer, it concerned calculating the appropriate relative positions of sail plan center of effort (CE) and the hull's center of lateral resistance (CLR). It also provided several rules of thumb for various rigs and when I calculated how *Egret* compared it was obvious that as a cat-schooner, with the larger sail on the mizzen, the current numbers didn't make sense. A jib was definitely worth trying.

Thus, I used the profile and sail plan to estimate how such a jib and sprit might look. And using a computer and scanner to add jibs of different dimensions to the plans I eventually chose a used sail from one of the many

used sail brokers with their inventories accessible from the World Wide Web. It was a fairly light sail of about 80sf with a wire luff and a right-angled clew that allowed self-tacking. I also decided to use a club and to set the jib flying on her own wire. Further, since *Egret* has no shrouds, and it would be nice to carry such a sail in heavier winds, I decided to rig running back stays. These are led back to each side of the cabin trunk's aft edge. In light to moderate winds, they're not necessary and are coiled at the base of the mainmast. The down side of all this, of course, was the "complexification" of a boat and rig that was delightful in large part because of its simple





Anchored behind Cape Romano.



With prototype sprit, and club jib.

Poking into a mangrove channel near Cape Romano.



ity. But the additions seemed worth while especially if, like myself, you love to experiment and need scant excuse to get in the workshop.

All these cogitations came to fruition on Lake Superior the summer of 2000. I built a prototype unstepped bowsprit about 9' long out

of crummy 2" x 4"s. Five and one-half feet of the bowsprit projects beyond *Egret's* stem. Of course, going from a 28-footer to a 34 footer would certainly have its disadvantages, so I designed the bowsprit as a narrow A-frame. Using a stainless steel hinge bolted to the fore deck right in front of the mainmast, it can be raised/stowed in port if necessary. An A-frame further allowed access to the existing bitt and chain hawsepipe, which lie on the centerline. The outboard end of the bowsprit has two sheaves installed for a combined bobstay and club outhaul leading back to a cleat on the A-frame base. The base also holds the jibsheet block. A gammon lashing around the bowsprit to the bow-eye completes the assembly.

Finally, since, as boats are "systems" and you can't change just one thing, we also installed our new sheet-lead ballast much further forward to bring her bow down at anchor when empty. For, with no cargo forward as the original was usually laden, but now a cockpit full of people, and her nose in the air, this too, had contributed to *Egret's* weather helm. After being completely assembled, *Egret's* new rig received a thorough test on Lake Superior in both light and strong winds. And in October, I towed her to Lake Powell in Utah

for one of Jim Thayer's Kokopelli cruise.

Before, when tacking in a light breeze without a jib, and remembering that the mizzen is a bit larger than the main, *Egret* would occasionally get in irons. Backing the main by hand was always effective and I did it as a matter of course. With the jib, however, she tacks more reliably in a light breeze, seldom needing help. This results from a felicitous combination of several factors: She not only carries a bit more speed into the turn, given the same wind as before, but the added leverage of the jib surely kicks her around. On the other hand, once around *Egret* keeps on swinging, for with little headway in light air, no rudder, regardless of the new end-plates, has much effect. This over-swinging was not a problem with more speed.

Upon returning from Utah, I built a finished version of the stepped (the beautiful curve that is the reverse of the sheer) bowsprit out of laminated oak and a spruce club and towed *Egret* back to Charlotte Harbor in December of 2000, a bit closer to her ancestral waters. In January, for about two weeks, I took her by myself to Cape Romano and back, about 200 miles round trip, and had a wonderful time poking into the mangrove channels along the way. People couldn't believe a boat of her size could sail in such shallows. My pulling right up to the beach was a revelation to onlookers, and I was constantly warned by passing motorboats not to proceed as the water was much too skinny. Or running her on a sandbar on purpose and stepping out in calf-deep water to look at the critters or to wash the deck and waterline.

And, of course, being more than a little of a "grandstander", I took every chance to let others see her in all her glory. Passing Captiva just before sunset in a stiff breeze, I must have tacked about twenty times "off and on" just a few yards from the beach before entering Redfish Pass. Upon my putting her helm down, her balanced rudder allowed me to let go of the tiller, so I could shift to the other running backstay before the main flopped over. Everything else took care of itself just as the Commodore planned it. I'm sure the folks collecting seashells or just out for a hike must have enjoyed *Egret* silhouetted against the sun, her oversized US ensign at the mizzen peak. Then again, maybe no one noticed. But I doubt it.

So what was the upshot of all these changes? In my opinion, they all improved our particular *Egret*. Not only is she faster, with dramatically less weather-helm, but she looks even lovelier. Of course, being somewhat biased, I'll leave the final verdict to discriminating observers such as yourselves. We hope to cruise her often to the keys and environs in the many years ahead. And trips to other cruising grounds can't be ruled out. Perhaps we'll run into you, be sure to stop by for a gam.

Her particulars: Hull Type: Sharpie-Dory; LOA: 28'2"; LWL: 22'8"; Beam: 7'2"; Draft: 1' and 3'6"; Displ: 4,100lbs; Sail Area: 229sf. With the folding sprit deployed the LOA is 34' and the sail area approx. 310sf.

Owners: Fred Armbruster and Dennis Bradley, Maple Grove and Shoreview (respectively), Minnesota. Builder: Marc Theissman, Twin Cities, MN in 1987. Designer of original: Famed Commodore Ralph Munroe, Coconut Grove, FL.

Denis P. Bradley, 3411 Milton St., N., Shoreview, MN 55126, (651) 481-0992, <BRADL008@TC.UMN.EDU>



That bastardized Rescue Minor project is coming along pretty good considering that I have not been able to work on it full time. I just about have it planked and framed now and the shaft and engine are set up in there temporarily. I changed things every whichaway from the plans. The boat is strip planked from tulip poplar and shaped differently above the Jersey sea skiff bottom part... the part with the cavity in the stern which I lofted from Atkin's plans. It is going to wind up 20' long and 76" wide and has an extremely full bow with a very abrupt forefoot hollow.... something sort of like what you could mold from down the front of Bernadette Peters' shirt.

The maximum beam is much further forward than is usual with my skiffs (I call a boat like this a launch). The stern is kind of anthropomorphic too.... topsides tumbled home much more than is normal. I figured that since nothing is going on back past the engine, I might as well diminish the width of the stern deck as much as possible to save weight. It could be considered funny looking by some but it has grown on me, I guess, because I like it.

Looking at it for the first time, kind of makes you think it ought to have about a 1,200hp old airplane engine in it instead of this tiny refugee from a Japanese garden tractor. It is kind of fun building a strip planked boat again. There is really very little you can't do. The complexities of the shape of this boat made it tricky though and I had to make me a set of little wooden hollow-and-round planes so I could deal with all these stealers easier.

I hope to get the finished hull to come in under 220lbs and the machinery some 180lbs (engine don't weigh but 132lbs). That is a lot lighter than a real plywood Rescue Minor and I might have to climb back on that narrow stern to sink it down enough to get a little piece of wheel in the water to get it going enough for the stern wave to fill the cavity. The whole thing is a wild project... I made the transmission and the rudder with the keel cooler in it. No telling what will happen when somebody like me gets a free hand. I'll have to explain all about it when I find out how it finally turned out.

I bought the catalog of Atkin plans from Pat Atkin and both the plans for Rescue Mi-

## Open Letter To David Gulley

By Robb White (In response to his to me in the February 15 issue)

nor and another boat about that same size called Everhope but I did not notice Shoals Runner or Surprise (which I just ordered) but if this thing works out like I hope it will, I'll be ready to branch out in the Atkin direction. What my plan is is to get so rich writing all these stories that I can just plain quit building for customers altogether and just ride around with first one and then another of these boats behind my Mercedes.

Which, I have two junk Mercedes now. Just before Thanksgiving, I was poking along the road and a big deer came running, flat-out, from the woods. I saw him in plenty of time and was able to stop before he got to me, but damned if he didn't run into the front of the old car and bust it all to hell anyway and killed himself too. In retrospect, I think he must have been shot because, though they don't have the innate ability to understand a big, 60mph projectile, they do have sense enough to dodge a large stationary object.

Anyway, I started hunting up all those plastic parts and a used hood on my daughter-in-law's computer. I could find the parts alright but while I was making mix-licks on the mouse (somehow got locked into a breast-enhancement section and couldn't get back to the menu... had to unplug the damned thing... maybe that's where the idea for that forefoot came from) I found another whole car for less than the price of the front-end plastic so I caught the bus to West Palm and got it. I was going to haul my big lumber trailer down there but the man assured me that it was driveable and it was. Damned if it didn't turn out to be a better car than the one I had. None of the windows would work, the pump was out-of-time and it needed injectors was about all that was wrong with it so now I got two of them to fix up... as soon as I get un goo-goo-eyed over this boat so I can concentrate.

About the poetic license with the gas mileage I don't know exactly what the darn

thing gets. The odometer is worn out. As a matter of fact, I have never seen an odometer in any car that would work past 200,000 miles. Whatever it is, it sure beats the dickens out of the old V8 Ford (17.5mpg)... burns a little bit more than half what the Ford does on a trip to the coast which is how I arrived at the 32mpg. If the injectors are right and the tires are pumped up hard and you go slow uphill and fast down, it will run mighty cheap. I have put a lot of miles on it and it actually seems like it does a little better pulling my skiff than it does by itself... probably just my imagination.


To get a diesel car to do the best it can, check the spray pattern and release-pressure on your injectors and set the degree of the point-of-first-injection on the fuel pump and see what that does to your gas mileage. If those were right, clean the impeller on the exhaust side of the turbocharger and eliminate the muffler (turbocharged engines run kind of quiet with straight pipes if you keep your foot out of it) and put radial tires on the trailer too. I ain't going to say anything about any plate under the EGR valve. Change both the transmission and engine oil to synthetic. That ought to do it.

If it don't, you might have to move away from Texas. It is probably suffering from excess appetite from smelling all that surplus gas they are holding off the market sort of like me when I have a ham in the crock pot here at the shop or my oldest son the time he had the apartment next door to Krispy-Kreme back when he was in college.

There is another thing. Both those Mercedes are the same year ('81) and color (very light grey)... ain't but about three digits apart in the serial number. It is tempting to just buy one tag and insurance policy when I get them temporarily ready for the road again but, you know, a man like me with a reputation as an old scoff-law has to be very careful. I'll pay the state that \$13 for a tag and the insurance their \$95 too.

Maybe you ought to bring your old Mercedes to visit my little flock. We might be able to breed them and get us both something less than twenty years old.


I give you joy of that cracked dash, those ridiculous vacuum door locks... and that stick to hold up the tailgate.



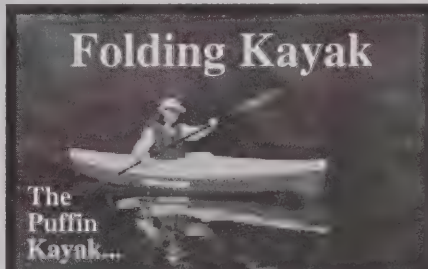
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# Green Heron

I've always been fascinated with living on the water. But not for too long. Where would I keep my books and musical instruments, and how could I have a shop? However, a few days on the water, now that's something else again.

Green Heron is the third and largest, (thirteen and a half feet), of a series of minimal cruising boats that I've designed over the years. All sleep two but can be car-topped by one (see *MAIB*: March 15, '89, January 15, '94 and April 15, '98). She's designed for two people to live aboard for maybe a week, and be as comfortable (large) as possible for a boat that one person can reasonably car top. It's fairly minimal living, but you can take along way more gear than any other sort of camping except camping from a car, and there's space for a portable head if you want. A bit unusual.

This mix of accomodation and weight is made possible by a rail system consisting of high, solid rails for strolling about the deck or just standing when at anchor. Or when underway, at least in moderate winds. This ability to stand and move around is something we small boat sailors don't even think of (don't stand up in the boat!), but it gives a welcome change of posture after a few hours sitting, and lets you see down in the water. The awareness that there is always something solid to lean on or grab if you need to, gives that feeling of comfortable security you get on a much larger boat.

Since the enclosing fabric panels are already in place on the rails, she can be entirely closed up in about four minutes (actually, I haven't timed it, but I'm pretty sure I'm being conservative). The enclosed space has comfortable sitting headroom.

This means the boat doesn't have to be divided between cockpit and cabin, giving the interior room of a much larger boat, and with the fabric furled, the cockpit of a thirty footer. But it's car-toppable.

Of course, you might want to use a trailer, but I personally hate the damn things. At a hull weight of 130lbs she's car-toppable by one person. The car top carrier, (see next page), has you lifting only half the weight at a time

Three years ago I did an article here (*MAIB* April 15, '98) on the process of designing this third boat, showing a bunch of developmental drawings, and outlining my thoughts. I was just starting to build the boat so several ideas were still questionable. I would have to have experience with the actual boat before these doubts could be resolved. Building took a lot longer than planned (we all know how that goes), but she's been sailing for two summers now, and gone for a four day cruise down in the keys (next issue).

The major delay was scheduling a cruise. While I had slept aboard several nights, I didn't want to offer plans for a cruising boat that hadn't cruised! I have a boat business, Thomson Smallboats, which is lots of fun, preaches the gospel of simplicity and minimalism, and makes about enough money to pay for the advertising. There are ways to measure profit that they don't teach in business school.

Anyway, experience with the real boat has cleared up all my doubts. Overall she came out about as close to what I was after as I could have hoped for.

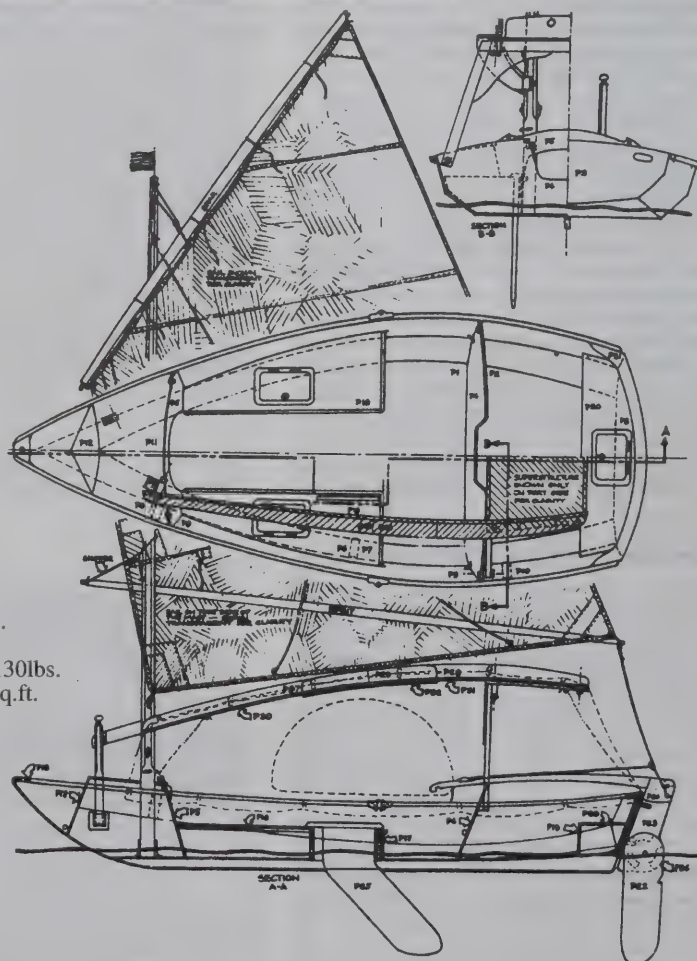
As an ornithological aside, some non-bird-watchers have asked about the name. Yes there is a green heron. It's a smaller cousin of the great blue heron and it's fairly common but likes to stay back in the marshes so you don't see them very often. Like the places this boat is designed for.

## designed to be the biggest cruiser for two



Four people aboard. With her six foot beam she's pretty stiff, as evidenced by the position of the crew. With her ninety square feet of sail, performance is the same as a Sunfish.

At 13 6-x6', the weight came in at 130lbs. Making her car toppable using my system in which you lift only half the weight at a time. (see sketch ) I wouldn't want to hoist much more.



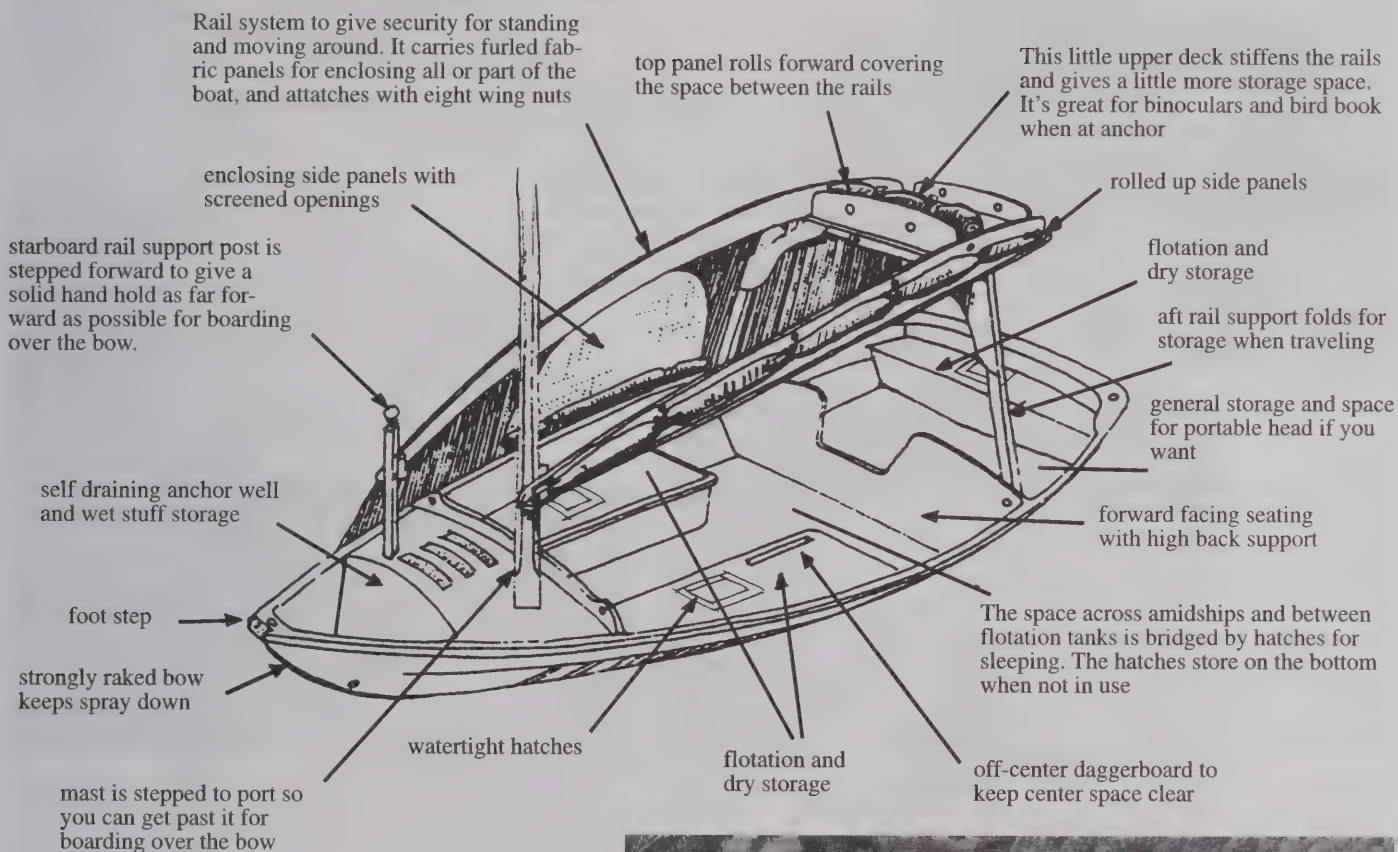
LOA 13ft.6in.  
Beam 6ft.  
Hull weight 130lbs.  
Sail area 90 sq.ft.

The mast is off center to allow boarding over the bow dry shod, an advantage particularly on a small cruising boat because storage for wet stuff is limited. I had been afraid that the off-center mast would feel odd. It doesn't. You simply don't notice it's not where it's supposed to be. In terms of sailing, there's no difference, except downwind where, with the mast to port and the sail to starboard, she balances appreciably better than a typical catboat.



# that one person can cartop

By John Thomson



The typical use of any thirteen foot boat will be for day sailing where the superstructure isn't as useful, and would usually not be set up. It takes about five minutes and eight wing nuts to assemble.



Home on the water. I prefer an easy wade ashore when overnighing, and that's where most of the wildlife hangs out.

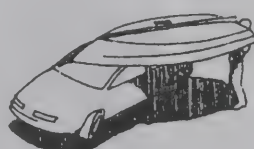
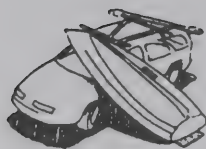




Sooner or later. — a boat which doesn't work well in a capsize is a dangerous boat. So I've always deliberately turned over any boat I've owned to see how she behaved upside down. The one time I violated this rule I almost drowned myself and some other folks. Here we have Green Heron's three big flotation tanks at work. The mast and spars keep her from turning turtle, and when righted, there's only about three inches of water to be bailed.



I thought a lot about the space between the rails, and decided on the minimum for two people to pass by each other. This maximizes the side openings for easy boarding from a dock. As it turned out, getting on and off was easy, but standing in a good breeze would be more comfortable if the rail spacing was six or eight inches wider so you could get a little more to windward. It's not a big enough problem for me to change the plans, but I'll put a note in an addendum for builders to increase rail spacing if they want.



Car-top system. The bow is lifted onto a pin at the front of a triangular frame which is fastened to a standard roof rack. The stern is then lifted and walked around to the rear of the frame. You only lift half the weight at a time.





The lug rig sets and pulls wonderfully, but so far I haven't figured out how to take the rig down and put it up again without making a royal rat's nest and exhausting my entire supply of salty sailor language. I'm used to the sprit rig which never has this problem. But the lug more than compensates with its ability to reef easily, whereas the sprit is difficult. Some improvement in my technique for setting up and taking down is clearly in order.



If you are going to be comfortable out in the sun, you are usually going to need shade. The side fabric is spread from the rails on fiberglass wands



next issue, four days on Green Heron in the keys

**John Thomson**  
Thomson Smallboats  
Box 570, Vestal, NY 13851  
<thomson@binghamton.edu>  
(607) 745-6305



From the Memoirs of Thomas L. McCready, born at Isleham, Mathews County, Virginia. The schooner was built by Gabriel Francis Miller, Capt. Gabe, for his son Charles Edgar Miller, around 1883. The boat was built at Capt. Gabe's yard, known as The Landing, in Mathews County, on the North River.

"There was talk now about Uncle Charlie's getting his pa to build him a little schooner. Previous to Grandpa's purchase of Isleham, Uncle Charlie had been an oysterman tonging in the York Rappahannock and James Rivers, running his oysters to Norfolk and Baltimore in his beautiful swift little log bugeye, *Alice*. His heart was in sail, and with the oystering rights on the whole of Isleham's long oyster shore, he felt he needed a bigger vessel. So after a year or more of talking with his father, *Clara Tinsley* was laid down across the creek in Captain Gabe's ancient shipyard.

First her spars were towed from some far away spruce woods and chained together. They were allowed to lie in salt water for a year to pickle. This process prevents the spars from checking as they would certainly do without this special seasoning.

Now all was activity over at the Landing. The keel being scarfed together, the frames began to sprout up mysteriously to me, her huge form gradually took shape. The bow, being cocked up high in the air to assure her swift glide down the skids at high tide some gala day in the months ahead, gave this little ship a most imposing look. I spent most of my happy hours around that yard watching with rapt interest the fastening of the knees, how fascinated I was as her beautiful contours were revealed under the ribbands as the workmen bent these lithe strips around her framing.

In fancy I can still hear Captain Gabe, and see him too, as after a moment's deliberation and a shifting of his quid, he'd drawl an order, "you may take a whisker off that section, Mr. Hearn." At this, Mr. Hearn would deftly adz away a whisker and the ribband

## The Construction & Launching of *Clara Tinsley* A Chesapeake Bay Schooner

From Mike Moore

would lie flat and sweet. Captain Gabe built that vessel entirely by eye, he was all over at every minute drawing out his orders as the lively little schooner seemed to come to life under his tender urging.

Captain Gabe had been a ship builder before the war, and during it for the Confederate Navy. He was happy now doing the thing he loved to do...because he felt so completely at home at his calling and up to his boot-tops in shavings and chips. Captain Gabe was a remarkable man. I always revered and loved him. He was a kindly man; never bawled me out though I must have been a tormenting nuisance to him in all his activities building that vessel, grinding sorghum, etc.

That rarest of men, a natural born leader. Folks went to Captain Gabe for advice and help on every imaginable problem. His judgment was unerringly sound. I adored him as a lad and I do that now. I count it my greatest good fortune that I had the great privilege of spending my childhood among men...real men, all doing real things. God bless them all.

The day of the launching was drawing near. Allie had been saving a barrel of fat and every kind of grease to grease the skids. We sluiced it onto those long tree trunks until they were so slippery that we hardly dared to move around the bracings that held them in place.

At the next low tide, we kids had to scrape up all the grease again so Allie might make soap.

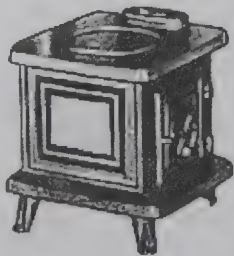
The great day finally arrives. The neighbors are gathered for the launching. The girls and young women in their sun bonnets are prettier than ever. The boys are fighting and the girls are simply moseying about seeming neither to know nor care too much what all the excitement is about. Four men climb up the ladder to the deck of the waiting schooner. Each drags a long sapling pole, with which these men will stop the vessels run and pole her back to the moorings awaiting her.

Capt. Gabe, watching the rising tide now feels that it is at its peak. "Stand back boys. Everybody stand back. If she should slew round on those skids you might all get hurt." Then he sings out, "all right Jesse, knock that block out," and wham goes the maul, the blocks at her stern fall away and the vessel starts down the skids. Instantly she gathers speed and a great wave rises before her. It is useless for the men aboard to attempt to snub her till she has nearly finished her run and then they pole her back to her waiting moorings.

Without delay came the stepping of the masts. *Alice* was brought alongside and her main halyards were hooked on the foremast of the schooner. At that point, Jessie Miller, an ex-slave and now boasting of this delicate operation, considered the center of balance so that the mast would swing into a nearly vertical position. Then Uncle Jessie went below to guide the heel of the mast into its step. This done and both masts in position, the sails of *Alice* were bent to the schooner's spars for a jury rig, under which Uncle Charlie, his brother, Robert, and Tommy, with Uncle Jessie as cook, sailed the little vessel to Norfolk, 60 miles down the Bay, for final rigging.

About a week later, late one afternoon, before the brave southerly we spied *Clara Tinsley* running home, her snow white sails a picture, everything, including topsail, wing and wing, and soon she rounded to at Isleham."

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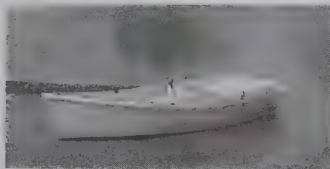
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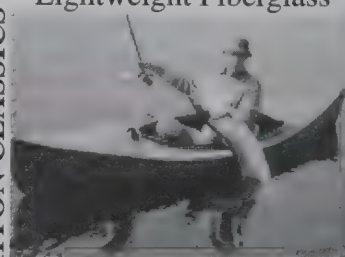
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Somehow I always felt that I was privileged to visit Portugal, that is, Lisbon and some of its surrounding coasts. I was then sailing on an Italian ship, taking emigrants from Italy and Portugal to South America.

Already before we entered the Port of Lisbon, the young purser on board, an Italian, had pointed out to me something about the Portuguese that might well have taken me some time to figure out, had I to do it by myself, namely that they are not latins. True, most of them do not look too different from Italians or Spaniards; but, the purser pointed out, it's not so much in the looks as in the character. Where latins are volatile and emotionally mobile, the Portuguese character is solid, more deliberately calm.

What I found, walking around the port and the old quarter, was a population so mixed that there seemed to be no common denominator of type; every race in the world seems to have left its imprint, and that should not be a big surprise.

The same could be said for their boat-types. You will find types which seem to be directly related to ancient Egyptian or later Mediterranean types, and the small rowboat which is called the Phoenician, is no exception.

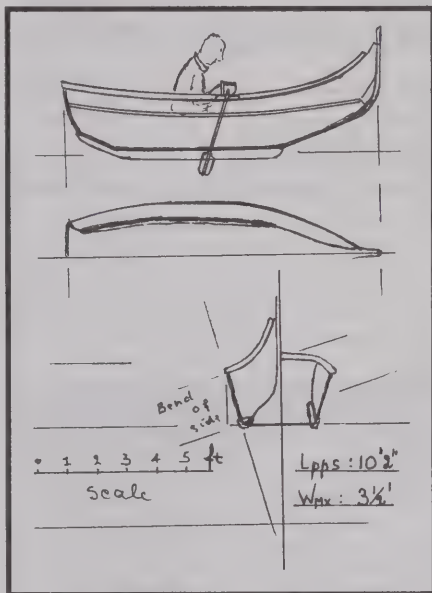
From ancient Egyptian drawings we know that the Phoenicians seem to have had double-ended craft, with a high perpendicular stem and stern piece at either end. As they are shown in some drawings as landing on a beach, these high stem- and stern-pieces would be very practical in handling surf, as it would be for the the Phoenician, which I show in the drawing. Only, the small boats are not double-ended. When returning to the beach, they are simply rowed backwards, the high stem facing the surf. These boats have no rudder.

Their more contemporary offspring are still that way, although the stem is still high, but not as high as in the original; the bilges are now softly curved; however they still land them stern-first nor do they have rudders.

The Phoenician seems to be mainly used by the fisherwomen, when the menfolk are off on their yearly excursion to the Grand-Banks

## DreamBoats The Phoenician

By Richard Carsen



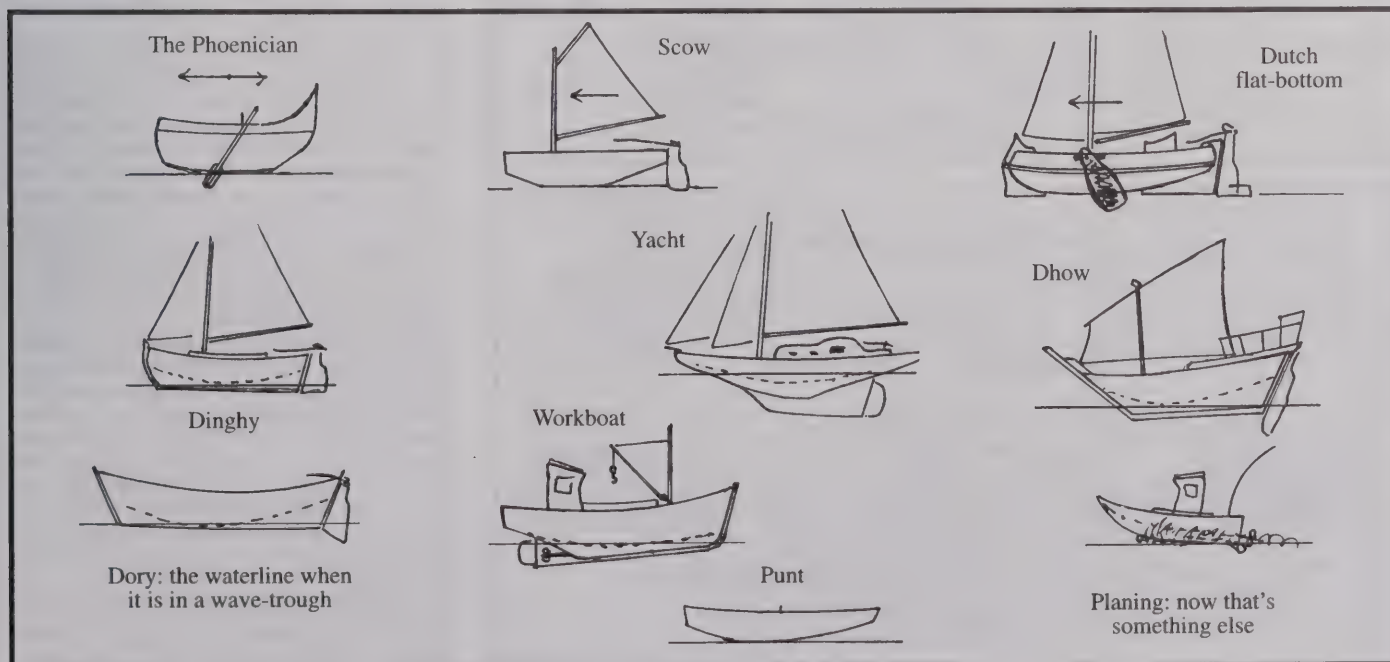
and other faraway places. The women then tend the lobster-traps and nets offshore, probably providing for their numerous families until hubby returns and gets paid off for his trip.

These boats are not round bilged. As a matter of fact, in section they resemble dories, and in profile scows. They have runners underneath their bilges so as to be able to handle them on the beach and up the cobblestone ramps, where they park them in long colorful rows in front of their humble homes. Runners, I have found, are much more practical for handling a boat on shore than rollers, and replacing them from time to time is no big job. Rollers, even in my own backyard, I found a major headache, let alone trying to haul them up a cobblestone ramp.

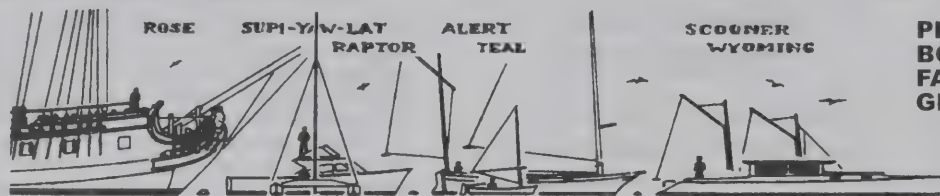
I know that rollers are used by many fishermen on their beaches, but it is more like sliding them over round poles; it is hard to roll anything in sand. It was therefore, I think, that Uncle Gabe (Rabl) prescribed a hefty outside keelplank; the damage is done to the keelplank, not the flat bottom, when grounding out. I know, I built and used one. To haul it to its berth on the parking lot, I constructed a kind of stoneboat, the wooden "sleigh" farmers use to collect and haul stones on the land. Certainly the runners on the "sleigh" get worn off, but the entire thing is replaceable from any scrap lumber. The same goes for the travois of the indians, they even used it on dogs. Old Indians told me that they knew about the wheel, it was explained to them as children, but it was impractical in a country without roads.

The small boat I describe here is interesting in many ways. The scow form of the profile and the flaring sides of the section, has been handed down to us through the ages, and repeated and repeated. The French punt that Phil Bolger showed us some time ago, has this basic design; so has the Norwegian prahm or prahm, the Dutch vlet, and many larger craft. Usually these have a stem or false stem, a skeg and a rudder, and are set up to sail. But take away all that and what you have left? The basic design is the same. Even the conventional present-day craft, with straight stem and keel, have the same basic form, a form originally come to so as to be able to handle waves, not flat water. As Heyerdahl finds out in his *RA* (reedboat) expeditions: the very design is meant to deal with the particular stresses of swells, not flat water.

If, in a straight-keeled, straight-stemmed craft, you follow the chine line, where the side changes direction and becomes the bottom, you will see this timeless shape. Now the bottom is feathered into the keel, giving it a vee or winglass shape in section, but I know of no boat that you could not also do in hard-chine, Vee or flat-bottom, as Uffa Fox found out. It even seemed that the hard-chine boat was better in some conditions than the round-chine. Now Uffa was one of the really great builders/designers of England, and his books are worth reading.







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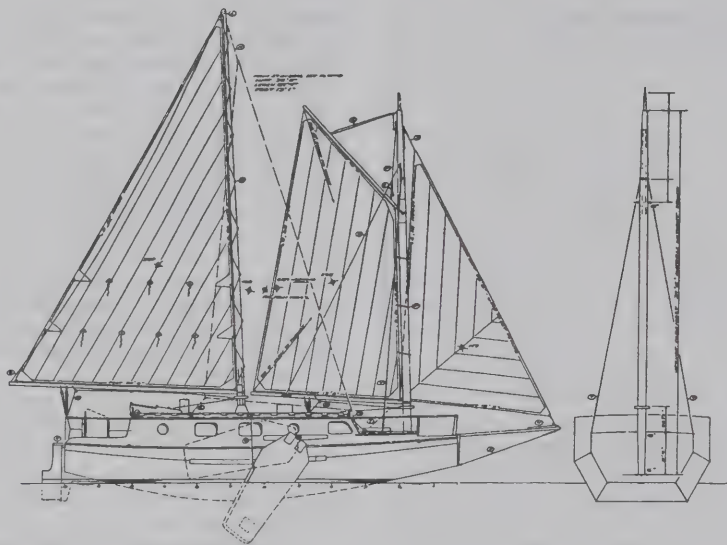
## Bolger on Design

## Live-On-Board Scow Schooner

### Design #501

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12,800lbs displacement, 689sf sail area



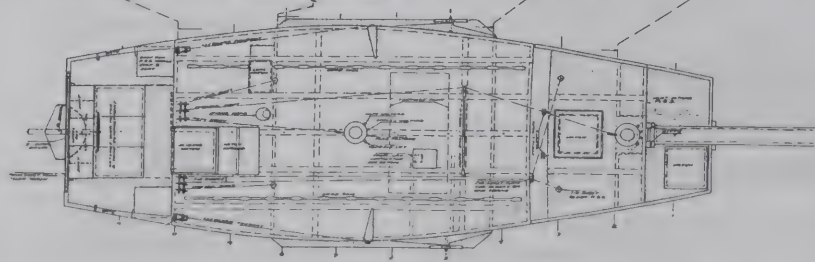
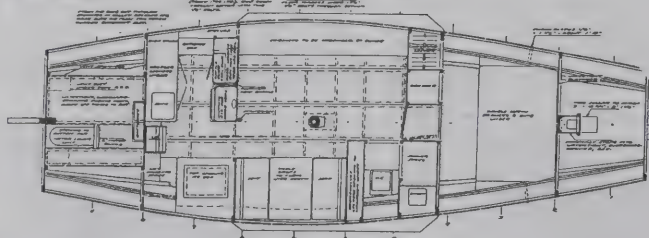
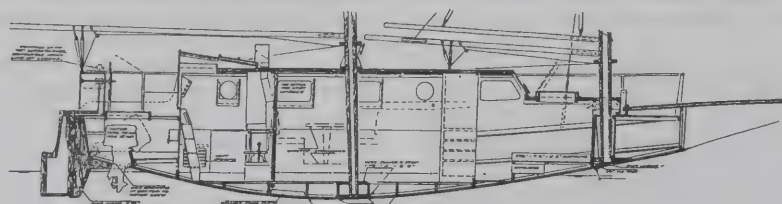
This scow schooner was designed ten or twelve years ago, for an artist in the neighborhood of Philadelphia as a mobile studio and austere home. He did not build it, nor did several other people who bought plans; it would be a big project for a home builder, justifying second thoughts, though it's about as straightforward as it could be for its capabilities. The most daunting part of the job would be turning the hull over after assembling it bottom-up, though it's made as easy as possible for anything almost 12' wide, by turning only the comparatively light lower hull, before adding the raised deck. The major panels are diagrammed expanded for prefabrication.

The original client had clear ideas of what he wanted. He made a nice rendering of it to show how he wanted it to look, including the profile and window arrangement of the superstructure. Looking at it now, we think it could have had more "salty" style and character common to better-looking scows, without losing any of its functional advantages. He specified the jib-headed mainsail, which would look and work better with a gaff in our opinion. He had in mind a San Francisco scow schooner, but adopted our suggestion that she be given the sharp bottom rocker and long bottom overhangs for improved speed and, especially, sharp maneuverability.

We also narrowed the bottom and increased the flare of the sides. This decreases the initial stability, increases reserve stability and encourages her to sail at a quieter angle of heel. With the scow bow, this shape lengthens out and sharpens the waterlines as the wind increases, and more or less eliminates pounding in a chop (she would be very noisy upright in choppy water, needing a well-sheltered live-on-board berth). This would be a fast-sailing and handy boat, and with well-cut sails, a weatherly one.

The high raised deck which gives such a roomy cabin, also produces a reassuring range of stability. We have not run a computer stability curve on her, but you can see at a glance that she would recover from a very extreme knockdown. The comparatively narrow, and heavily-rockered, flat bottom, has less hard-to-get-at area than a more conventional scow shape. A lot of it can be reached when she's lying on a beach, and careening her to get at the rest is not unthinkable.

The leeboard mounts are of the pattern invented by L. Francis Herreshoff, the distinctive advantage of which is that they are forced





against their shelves by water flow, so that they don't kite out when they're left down on the weather side. These boards would rarely be handled in tacking; adjustment would only be to play with their angle to produce the best helm balance. We now prefer a different geometry as we've described in several articles, but the Herreshoff boards have worked well in his Meadowlark and Tranquillo designs and in our Alert, among others.

The rudder is smaller than it should have been, a common design fault. It's amusing in looking at plans by innumerable designers, to see how many of them show a modification on the drawings marked "rudder enlarged". Rudders are never modified smaller! This phenomenon is as noticable in aircraft design as it is in boats. We try not to do it any more, especially in boats with wheel steering, like this one, in which mechanical advantage and tiller clearance is no problem.

She should have had folding masts, which would not have been especially hard to arrange. The tabernacles and other gear is expensive in time and money, but the investment is a good one, not only in improved capability but in actual returns by reduced cost of maintainance. If she had been given a gaff mainsail, the masts could have folded down scissors-fashion, as in our smaller Wm. D. Jochems schooner.

Auxiliary power was to have been a sizable outboard motor, in a regular engine room but still able to tilt clear of the water for no drag under sail and minimal fouling of the lower unit. It unavoidably would have been the usual small-prop two-cycle at the time, of course. Today it would be a Yamaha T-50 high-thrust four-cycle, for its comparatively big 14" propeller and quiet, economical running. With it, she would cruise near seven knots at a moderate rpm, the stern wave car-

rying out to her transom; more economically at six knots, with minimal wave-making.

Today we would ballast her with a massive bank of batteries kept charged with solar cells, possibly enough power for miserly use of an electric stove. The coal range for heating and cooking, with 1,200lb deckloading bin, was identical to that of our own *Resolution* at the time, but she was later made more comfortable by heating with a diesel stove which fitted in the same space with fuel tank in the coal bin. The diesel stove has turned out not to be very convenient for cooking as it has to be fired up to a very high heat for the purpose, not good in summer. Hence the electric stove proposed.

Plans of the scow schooner, our Design #501, are available for \$400 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from: Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

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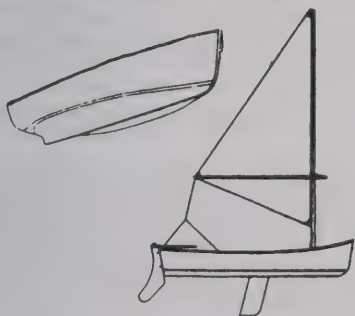
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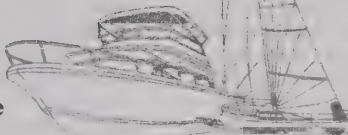
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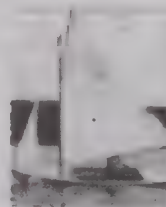
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## Introduction

This is Part 6 of a series of articles which began in the March 1 issue which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study; to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

## To Ballast Or Not To Ballast?

Avoiding a total capsize in the first place would save a lot work. Should we add ballast to *Squeak* to prevent that capsize? Can it be added without destroying the virtues of the basic design?

Before starting to modify *Squeak*, it should be noted that the boat traveled over 14,000 miles over a three-year period with very few problems. This can only mean that the basic design of the boat suited its purpose. Can *Squeak* be improved to make it safer? Would adding ballast to *Squeak* be a good thing? What type of ballast would we use? Let's explore the possibilities.

Stephen's boat *Squeak* is cold-molded wood. It was built without ballast. It weighs 250lbs (113kg). *Squeak's* loaded weight is 550lbs (250kg).

If *Squeak* is flooded completely the hull will be half underwater and half out. The reason this happens is wood is about half as heavy as water. *Squeak* could not sink. The flotation the wood hull provides saved Stephen's life. If he had added ballast (other than water ballast) the boat would be deeper yet in the water. With too much ballast *Squeak* would be on its way to the bottom of the ocean, leaving Stephen at the surface. Without adding flotation to compensate for the additional weight of the ballast this would surely happen.

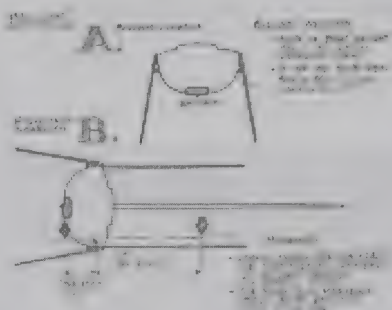
Would ballast be beneficial to Stephen's boat? In the event of a capsize, is it reasonable for *Squeak* to carry enough ballast to right the boat? Would ballast weight be good for the purpose he's using the boat, that is, long distance coastal and beach cruising?

*Squeak* had to be able to be hauled ashore by one person. To ease pulling the boat ashore weight must be kept down. Extra weight would be a real problem on a beach that is steep.

## Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

By Don Elliott

Look at the following sketch. View A shows the optimum location for any ballast. That location is at lowest, and widest part of the hull. If we take the displacement at 550lbs (250kg) and assume the ballast to be 30% of that we have 165lbs (75kg) of ballast. Now let's up that, to say 50% we now have 275(125kg) lbs of ballast.



Right away 275lbs(125kg) of ballast would put far too much weight on *Squeak*. It would result in a boat total weight of 825 lbs (374kg). Do we need 275 lbs (125kg) of ballast? Let's see. The 165lbs (75kg) of ballast is not enough to right the boat alone, see View B. But, say now we would add Stephen's weight to that, it could it right the boat! That is, if he was strapped in place. Not too bad. Might be worth considering. But now we have a boat that weighs 750lbs (340kg).

Remember also the boat must be rowed, and heavy boats are much harder to row. Try rowing with an extra crew member aboard and note the difference.

Now take into account that to start with the boat weight was 250lbs (113kg). If half that is buoyancy, the added 165lbs (75kg) of ballast will now take *Squeak* to the bottom of the ocean if flooded.

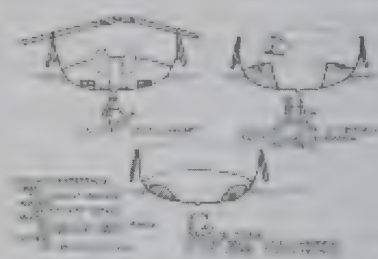
Questions: After reading the above is it your opinion that we need the ballast? If we do decide to use ballast, what form would it take? I mean water, lead, whatever. Where would that ballast go? Would it be fixed or removable, in the case of solid ballast?

## Unburdening *Squeak*

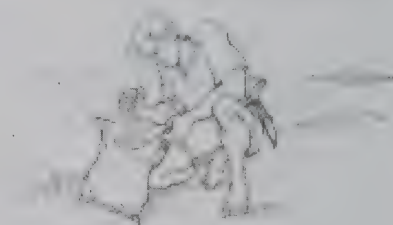
Stephen's boat is tender by most standards, particular for a boat that is intended for serious beach cruising. Keep in mind that the boat has to be both rowed and sailed. *Squeak's* round bottom and narrow beam make it tender. There are definite advantages to both a round bottom and a narrow beam but here we're addressing its tenderness.

The lack of initial stiffness means *Squeak* will heel quicker and capsize more easily than say, a hard-chine wider boat. (Note: we found out earlier that going to a wider boat would not be a good idea). A little ballast would benefit *Squeak*. The right amount and type may even help right the boat in a knockdown. Any added ballast makes hauling the boat onto a beach much harder. It would be a good idea to

make that ballast removable. This could be done at the shores edge, unburdening *Squeak* for landing. Look at the following sketch, it shows different types of ballast materials that could be used.



There are three possible ballast types proposed: Lead, water, and sand or stone. Stephen could avoid having to carrying the lead around with him all the time by gathering sand or stones and using it when it was needed. It would be available anywhere he might be.



Using ballast materials other than water however presents a problem. You must add flotation material to compensate for it. On a boat as small as *Squeak* space is precious. Water Ballast appears to be the best choice. If it turns out to be the best choice we then have to find a place for it aboard the tiny boat.

Questions: Where should that water ballast be installed aboard *Squeak*? Will it be capable of righting the boat in the event of a capsize? Could it serve more than one use? What are the disadvantages of using water ballast?

## Water Ballast

To determine the answers we'll modify *Squeak* to take water ballast. We'll install four water tanks, two on each side. The first task in the modification is finding a good location for those tanks. It will actually be an easy installation. Look at the following sketch.



One tank, 5 gallons (19l), will go next to the cockpit at location A. Another 5 gallon (19l) tank will be installed aft of A, at B. Total water ballast will be 20 gallons (75l) as the port side will also get two tanks.



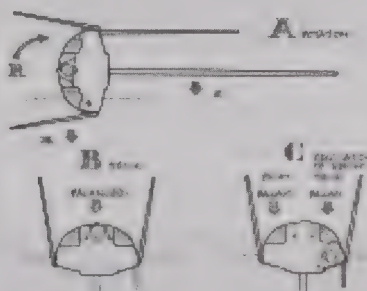
rect, it was needed to reposition them for viewing the cockpit).

## What Can Go Wrong?

What must it be like to find yourself swimming in the ocean in the middle of the night off the coast of a foreign land with your boat awash? Can a boat recover from a capsize using water ballast? Let's see

We determined that water ballast and Stephen's weight would right the boat in the event of a knockdown. We also noted a problem with the water ballast system. In this analysis we'll see that a water ballast system can have its own set of problems.

Winds that cause a knockdown pass over the boat and once there is no further pressure on the spars or sails the boat will right itself with a water ballast system installed, and this is what would generally happen. However if the force is strong enough to rotate the boat to a fully upside down position you could find yourself in a bad situation.

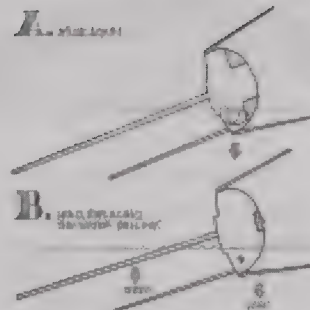


View A shows a knockdown. If a strong gale wind and a large enough wave strikes *Squeak* hard enough it will go beyond a knockdown and end up upside down.

View B shows *Squeak* stuck upside down. Hopefully the next wave will roll the boat back over. But that may not happen soon enough.

In View C Stephen has relocated himself in the hope that placing his weight off center will right the boat. It won't work, see the following sketch.

All that will happen is *Squeak* will end up in about the position shown in View A. At this point water will begin to come in the hatch, that is, if it is not completely watertight. Stephen will have to exit the boat.



So, should we abandon the idea of water ballast and instead use lead as ballast? Lead can be placed lower; therefore it will right the boat more easily than water ballast. It also takes up less room in the boat than water ballast. The room taken up by the water ballast tanks could be used for the flotation material for the lead. Then why don't we just use lead?

We shall see it will be better to stay with the water ballast. Why is that? As pointed out in an earlier installment, lead would require us to add flotation so the boat wouldn't sink. This flotation adds even more weight to the boat. That weight must stay in place, further burdening *Squeak*. If *Squeak* needed to be rowed a long distance we would not be able to rid *Squeak* of the lead and its required flotation.

If we somehow knock a hole in the boat, any attempts to repair the boat will prove difficult. The lead could cause the boat to lie in a position that makes repairing the hole impossible. We may not be able to get to the lead to jettison it. Not good.

Even without a hole, if the boat were simply just flooded, bailing would be more difficult with lead as ballast. If we are unable to refloat the boat and make it either rowable or sailable we are in a bad fix.

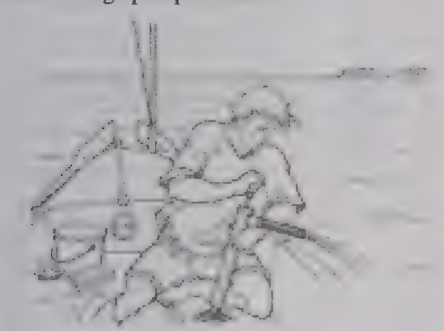
In contrast, water ballast will not sink our boat. It can serve more than one purpose; it can be used not only for ballast but also for drinking and cooking. We can easily dump it when we don't need it, unlike the lead, which would have to be carried everywhere we go, that would mean all the time. The major reassuring asset of water ballast is that it will never sink our boat.

Can we cure the water ballast problems? Yes, they can be solved.

Questions: How can the water ballast problems be solved? Why does water ballast make righting *Squeak* from an inverted position more difficult?

(To Be Continued)

Tank W in this view will be a saltwater tank with an inspection port on its top. The inspection port will allow filling and emptying of the tank. Tank X will be a fresh water tank. It will also have a deck plate. The tank serves two purposes, one as ballast, and another for drinking water. (Note: the tanks are X and W in this view). For simplicity we fill these tanks with a bucket or a pump. We will avoid valves, plugs and thru hull fittings. To empty the tanks, if need be, we use a bilge pump. On a side note remember Stephen used a bucket to bail *Squeak* after the capsize. Was *Squeak* without a bilge pump? Any boat that is cruising should have a bilge pump on hand.



We determined that twenty gallons of water ballast should right the boat in event of a knockdown. Is this water ballast system going to work completely for Stephen? It won't! In the next issue we'll look at why it wouldn't work and fix it.

Questions: How is it that the water ballast system won't right the boat? There are two reasons it could cause Stephen problems, can you list them? Can it be modified in some simple way to make it work? Should we reconsider lead ballast?

(A note to rowers, the position of the hands in the cockpit view is of course incor-

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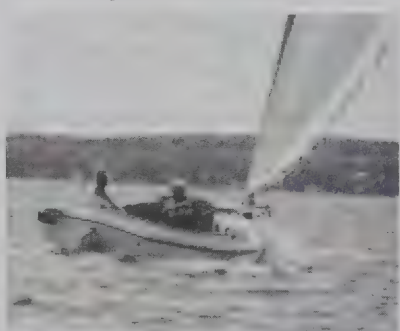
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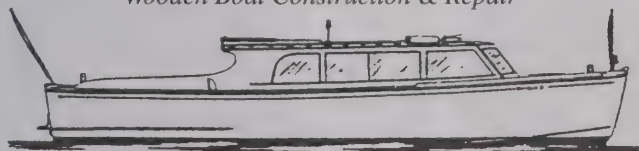
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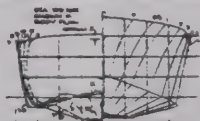
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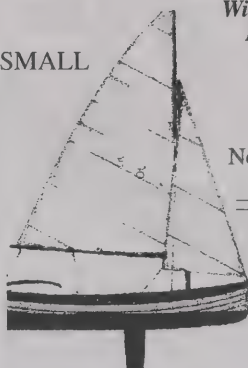


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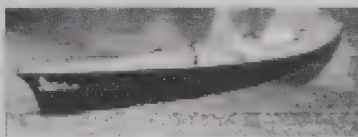
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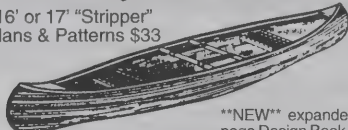
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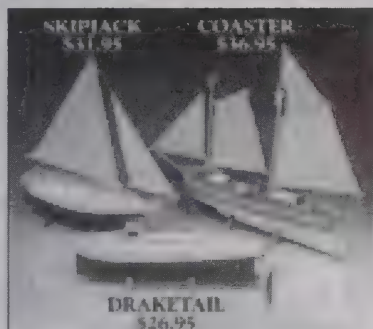
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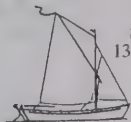
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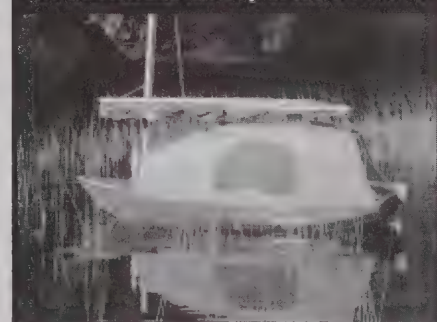
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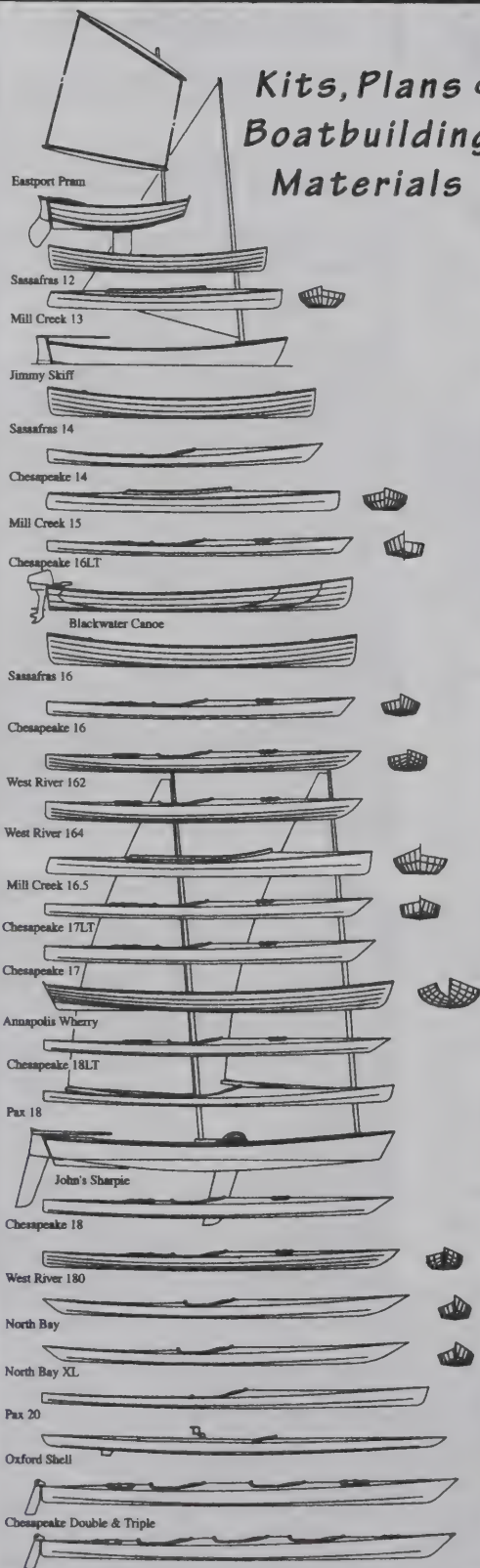
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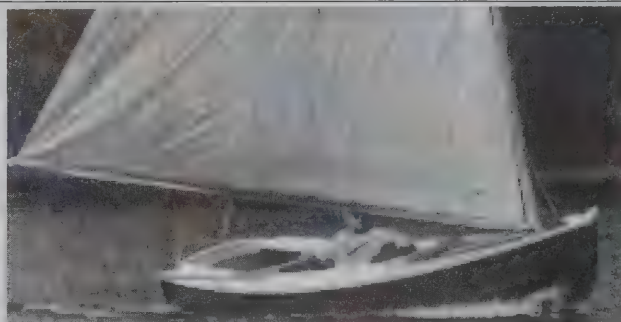
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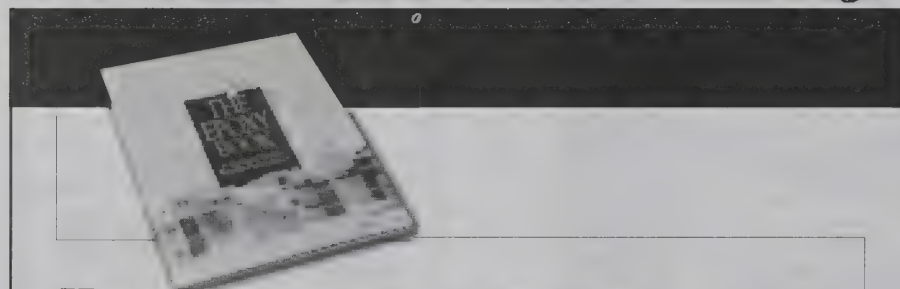


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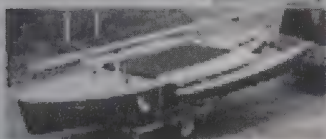
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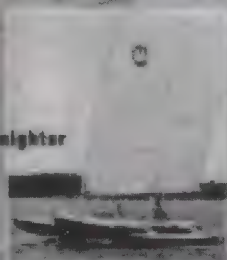
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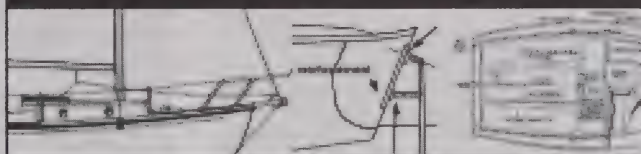
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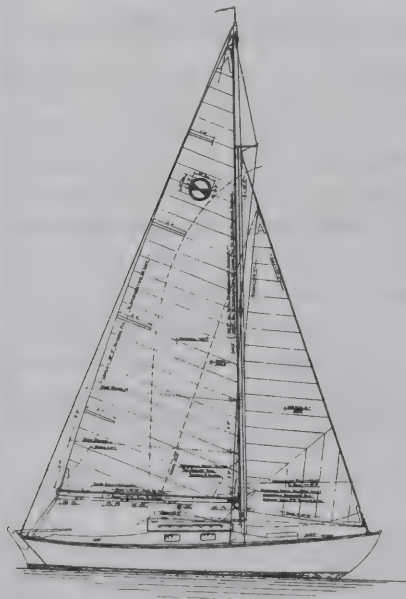


**15' Whitehall Skiff**, extremely seaworthy row boat/yacht tender, 2 rowing positions, seats 4+ adults & their gear. Vy gd cond, cedar over oak, approx 20 yrs old. \$2,800 incl 2 sets Shaw & Tenney oars, bronze oarlocks, near-new alum trlr. \$2,400 wo/trlr. Will deliver free within 350 miles of Atlanta, otherwise will negotiate delivery.  
BOB ROSEN, Atlanta, GA, (404) 562-8761, <rosen.bob@epa.gov> (2)

**Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks**, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.  
FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

**Windrider 16**, w/trlr. Hvy weather cockpit w/wind-shield, many other extras. \$4,500 value, asking \$2,200.  
JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188. (TF)

**17' Skin Boat**, wood/canvas sea kayak, traditionally blt hard chine shallow vee-bottom, spacious cockpit. Yellow & white, nice cond. W/dble paddle. \$250 firm. **17' Seda Viking Sea Kayak**, older model, white, w/flotation bags & dble paddle. \$250 firm. All to sell by Memorial Day or off to the dump.  
BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906 6-pm best. (1)



**24' Ostkust Sloop**, weekender-cruiser designed by Al Mason of Sparkman & Stevens for *Rudder* in 1944. Blt by Joel Johnson '59. Mahogany hull on oak refastened '98, superb cond. Slps 2-4, new cushion covers, new sails, new covers. Roller reefing on boom. 12hp Vire IB, reliable power w/vy little use. Stove, depth sounder, anchor, lines, compass, battery, pumps, extinguishers, fenders, all new. Located Maine. \$13,750.  
DAVID KELLAND, Lexington, MA, (781) 861-8981. (2)

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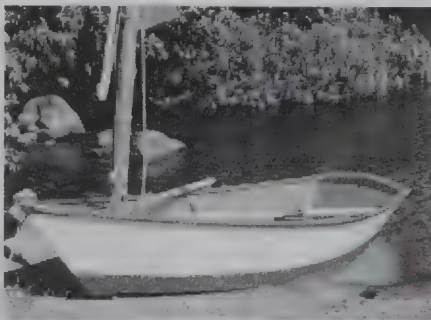
**19' Crestliner Norseman**, w/cuddy, all alum, 140hp Merc i/o, low hrs. Full canvas w/camper top, spare props & extras, Calkins trlr. Gd boat for lake or river. \$2,500 OBO.  
BRIAN KEARNEY, Lake Bluff, IL, (847) 234-2159. (2)

**Beachcomber Dory**, 18'6" spritrigged, fg hull, mahogany seats, white oak gunwales, motor well, oars, hollow wood mast, trlr. \$2,250.  
BLAIN LYALL, Albany, GA, (912) 435-2931. (2)

**19.5' Bristol Corinthian Daysailer**, '68, fg, 2.5' shoal draft keel. Brand new 3hp Johnson ob, large cockpit w/nice woodwork, spare set of sails, vy gd con. \$4,500.  
TOM ROEBER, 5 Winter St., Yarmouth, ME (207) 846-6578, <troeberl@maine.rr.com> (2)

**Ready to Sail Thistle**, #3076, blue fg hull, alum mast, wooden boom gd cond. Dacron sails, fair cond. Tlr, winter cover & frame. \$2,700, make offer. **16' Cape Cod Knockabout**, blt by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. Many new frames, refastened w/bronze, new plywood deck, canvas covered. Gd mast, boom, standing & running rigging, fair Dacron sails. Tlr, winter cover & frame. \$5,500, make offer.  
FOURTIN POWELL, Rockport, ME, (207) 594-4730. (2)

**ComPac 16' Sailboat**, w/trlr, main, jib & genoa. All in gd cond. \$2,700.  
ED GREENE, Duxbury, MA, (781) 934-2909. (2)



**12' Echo bay Dory Skiff**, sailing/rowing skiff that is both vy beautiful & vy capable for her size. Rows & sails grt. In 1st class cond (stored indrs & used occasionally). Compl w/sprit rig, sail, rudder, CB, oars & trlr. Nds no work, ready to sail. \$1,750.  
ROBERT RISCH, S. Thomaston, ME, (207) 594-4888. (2)



**19' West Wight Potter**, stable, easy to sail shoal draft mini cruiser, cockpit seats 6, cabin slps 4, easy to trailer and launch, easy & fast to rig, can be beached w/fully retracting keel. White hull w/short rig for easy setup. Incl: Tanbark main & jib, all interior cabin & berth cushions, all hrdwr, Porta Potti enclosure, galley w/sink, adjustable motor bracket, & more. Nds new dagger board and TLC. I have never sailed this boat. Bought from sailing author Larry Brown who used this boat in his book, *Trailer Sailing America*. \$3,000 compl, no trlr. Will deliver in New England.  
RICHARD EARLEY, Fitchburg, MA. (978) 342-1883, <richardearley@hotmail.com> (2)



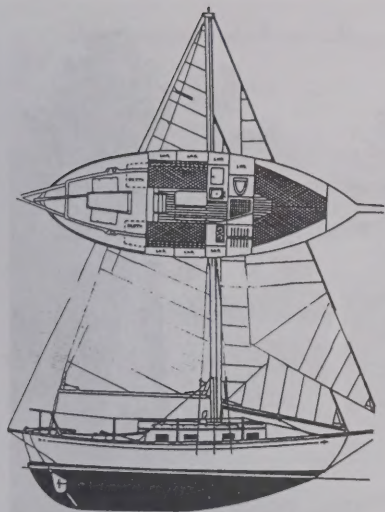
**13'7" Coho**, '70 fg replica classic wineglass transom rowboat. Teak decks, coamings, seats, leathered spoon sweeps, full cover. A timeless beauty. \$1,800.  
GEORGE HAUX, Skaneateles, NY, (315) 685-6222, <HAUX@LOCALNET.com> (2)

**Lippincott Comet #3216**, exc racing record. Extensively upgraded for racing, ltwt boat w/original wooden mast & boom. Beaton sails, alum cb, custom trlr, covers. Compl refinished '95, sailed only twice since. A solid 9 out of 10 creampuff one-design often mistaken for newer fg boat. \$2,900.  
PETER ABELL, Brattleboro, VT, (802) 254-2653, <abellvt@sover.net> (2)

**Brittania Folding Dinghy**, 8' x 4'2" mahogany. Incl many accessories. Used 4 times. Over \$1,600 value for \$650.  
JOHN SUTHERLAND, Mt. Laurel, NJ, (856) 234-7270 home, (856) 423-0301 work. (2)

**'78 Alden Ocean Shell**, single scull w/Oarmaster sliding seat rig for recreational rowing. Dark blue hull & light blue deck. Compl ready to row. Incl classic 9' John Collar wooden oars in exc cond. New boat w/oars \$2,500, selling compl for \$950. **Piping Plover**, classic 12' rowing tender. Hand laid fg hull, positive flotation, extensive hand fitted teak trim, bronze hrdwr, stable & ltwt at 95lbs. This boat is 1 of only 23 blt by Davis Bros. Marine in Westport Point, MA. Shaw & Tenney flat blade spruce oars w/leathers. A beautiful classic tender in exc cond. Asking \$1,950.  
BILL LAMBOT, Old Lyme, CT, (860) 434-0722 home, (860) 236-9998 Hartford office. (1)





**Voyager 26**, heavily blt 26' dble-ended FG cutter w/trlr. Capable blue water cruiser. Yanmar 2 GM 20 diesel, Hood furling gear, Garmin 210 Chart Plotter GPS, Raytheon Nav 398 GPS, Autohelm 4000 autopilot, digital depth sounder, anchor windlass. Interior oiled teak trim w/teak & holly sole. Teak cockpit sole & teak cockpit seats. In gd cond. \$25,000. SILAS YATES, Castine, ME, (207) 326-0663, <greendolphin@hypernet.com> (2)

**Poulsbo Skiff**, traditional small craft of the Pacific northwest. 18.5' blt in Poulsbo, WA by Robert Young, ca '60, cedar over oak. Mahogany decks & transom. New '99 Shuang Niao 15hp 2-cyl 4-stroke water cooled diesel ib w/only 40hrs. Barn dr rudder. '90 Spirit trlr. Asking \$8,000 or will trade for Adirondack guideboat & cash or pair of sea kayaks & d cash (I'm open to suggestions). VI BEAUDREAU, 7 Peppercorn Ln., E. Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-0869 eves & wknds, (860) 547-6303 wkdays, <vbeaudreau@hotmail.com> (2)

**'52 Bigelow Cat**, Wenaumet Kitten, 13'0". Whisker maintained by Bigelow, Monument Beach, MA. Refastened '88. New cb 2000. W/spinnaker (no joke) & boom tent. Sailed in West Bay, Osterville last 20 yrs. \$4,500. BRUCE KETCHEN, Weymouth, MA, (781) 749-8294, <deedc@mit.edu> (1)



**Lowell Dory Skiff**, professionally blt per John Gardner's Building Classic Small Craft Vol I. Okoume plywood bottom (3/4") & sides (3/8"), hrdwd frames, ribs, stem & transom, fastened w/epoxy & bronze. Heavy duty blt in every respect to last a lifetime. Sprit rig on spruce mast & spar. Sails & rows vy nicely, can be used w/small motor. Just completely repainted. No trlr, owner will assist w/delivery. Garage kept, in exc cond. \$2,500. Pictures & further info available. JOE WISEMAN, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 420-3427, <DoryJoe@aol.com> (1)

**Lowell's Surf Dory**, 19' sloop rigged, classic Swampscott Dory w/trlr & OB (5hp Yamaha w/alt) all in vy gd shape. Just restored by our boat shop, incl oars & cover. A top notch boat in gd shape. A sister boat was listed in *WoodenBoat* for \$11,000. \$8,000. **Scarborough Sailing Skiff**, 17' traditional boat w/cross planked bottom that nds to live in water. Sprit rigged w/oars. Beautifully restored in our shop at the Navy Yard. \$2,000. ALEXANDRIA SEAPORT FOUNDATION, Alexandria, VA, (703) 549-7078. (1)

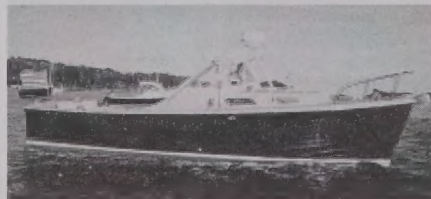
**22' Chris Craft Cutlass**, '64. Lapstrake hull, cuddy cabin classic, rblt 327-F V-8, lg cockpit. Ideal fishing runabout or picnic boat. \$9,900. FRANK WOODRUFF, Bear, DE, (302) 834-3142. (1)



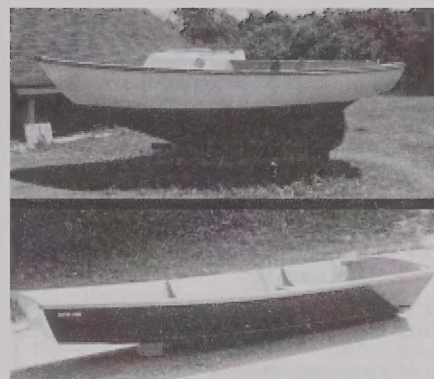
**Graceful Bigelow Catboat**, classic 14' hull (ca '35) gaff rigged. Fully & professionally restored w/all new ribs, deck & coaming, rudder, CB case, cypress seats; beautiful new Sitka spruce spars, Nat Wilson sail w/3 reef points, leathered mast hoops. Wood & original brass blocks & hrdwre. Canvas boom tent. 400lbs lead ballast. Fully rigged & ready to go on sturdy trlr. \$9,000. SALVATORE RACITI, Plymouth, MA, (508) 224-2111, <salvy@animationcafe.com> (1)

**19' Dracombe Lugger Yawl**, FG, gd cond. Recent 4hp Yamaha OB, trlr. \$4,800. HENRY SWAN, Westport, MA, (508) 636-2519. (1P)

**Sea Pearl Tri 21**, Feb 2000. Yellow w/lt gray deck, 2 biminis, 2000 4hp 4-stroke Yamaha ob, hvy duty trlrw/brakes, nav lights, compass. \$17,300. RAINER KERN, Rosenbeg, TX, (281) 342-2692, <buba6@evl.net> (1)



**30' MacKenzie Cuttyhunk Bass Boat**, blt '72, surveyed '98. Nissan diesel 220hp, 120gal fuel tank, full electronics, documented, mahogany on oak frames. Grt sea boat in exc cond. \$20,200. BOB OSGOOD, Kittery, ME, (207) 439-9469. (1)



**Cape Dory Typhoon**, main, jib, genoa. Bronze ports & deck hrdwre. Cradle for transport. Nds only engine & running lines. Vy clean boat looking for caring owner. \$3,800. **12' Tender/Jonboat**, constr of 1st class materials, used only few times. Beautiful lines w/varnished interior. Grt for getting crowd out to your yacht or fishing w/buddy. Incl oars & oarlocks. Blt-in wheels in transom for easy transport to water's edge. Stored indrs, exc cond. \$775. ERIC RISCH, Augusta, ME, (207) 623-8613. (2)



**Red Zinger is for Sale**, loa 25'6", beam 7'11", draws 24" cb up, 3'6" cb down. Cat yawl rig w/wishbone boom. Alum mast. Radio. GPS installed. Stunning downwind speed w/wo spinnaker. Typical catboat upwind. Slps 4 in 6'+ bunks. Galley. Head w/holding tank. New mizzen sail, 2yr old 9.9 4-stroke Yamaha electric start ob. Equipped for cruising. \$7,500. RICHARD ZAPF, Georgetown, MA, (978) 352-8331 eves. (2)

**Sea Pearl 21 Cat Ketch Sloop**, Hull #201, Marconi rigged, llds, green hull & gold sails. Hutch trlr, Johnson 4hp long shaft ob. Pram top. 1 owner boat which has been garaged since new when not in use. Extensive boat & cruising kit equipment incl. List available upon request. Selling as package only. \$6,500 through May 31, \$7,000 from June 15. Price firm. RICHARD J. DIX, POB 103, Hesperia, MI 49421, (231) 854-3545. (1)

**Cape Dory FG 10' Sailing Dinghy**, mahogany seats & trim refinished w/7 coats Interlux Schooner varnish 8/00. Orig spars & bronze hrdwre, almost new sail. All in exc cond. Located nr Pt. Pleasant, NJ. \$1,400. J. PENDINO, Bay Head, NJ, (732) 295-5316. (2)



**'98 Custom Blt 16' Swampscott**, sternwell, sailing dory by Roger Crawford. Looks like wood Lowell, but FG hull & heavy teak. Custom high-bowed Conestoga cover for cruising & sleeping aboard. Bow & stern dry storage w/nice teak doors. Varnished spars, tanbark sail, new 4hp Johnson Twin, galvanized Load Rite trlr, 11lb Bruce anchor, 9" Shaw & Tenny oars & 2 position locks, gorgeous 11" yuloh sculling oar w/captive lock & more. Used vy little & sailed only twice. In North Florida. \$6,500.

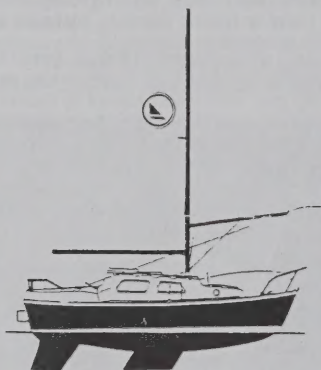
CURTIS NICHOLS, Welaka, FL, (904) 467-3691 <eadien@aol.com> (2)

**21' Shell**, like new, rowed only a few times. Little River, Cambridge model. Compl & ready for the water. \$1750.

RON KILBURN, Oriental, NC, (242) 249-0508. (1)

**Alden Rowing Shell**, w/Alden Deltor carbon oars. Used 4 times. Purchased new for \$3,150, sell for \$2,450.

MARK RUSSO, Duxbury, MA, (781) 934-0271. (2)



**Leisure 22**, twin keels, wt 3,300, ballast 1,400, draft 2'8", can slp 5, hdrm 5'8". Highest qual English constr & fittings. Incl exc trlr w/brakes, 2 sails, roller reefing main, jib, deep & safe cockpit, full lifelines, anchor well, hvy duty mast, rigging & tabernacle. Bought cloth for new interior. Consider partial trade of Hen (or similar). A beautiful seaworthy ocean going pocket sailer currently located in VA. \$6,000 OBO.

KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 949-9386, (540) 343-3270, <lvltblts@yahoo.com> (1)

**Charlotte**, 11'6" x 27" frameless lapstrake canoe, 25lbs. Shaw & Tenney ash spooned dbl paddle. Some brightwork around gunwales, hull crimson red w/tan interior. Heart shaped backrest. In exc cond. \$1,300.

TONY FIORE, Palm Coast, FL, (904) 446-5519, <windless@earthmax.net> (1)



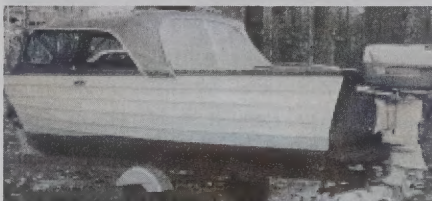
**Westerly Nomad**, 22', tri-keels, MD1 diesel engine, 3 sails (main, genoa on jib furler, spinnaker), Trowbridge trlr. In gd cond. Located Nantucket Island, MA. \$6,000US

FRED HEAP, Nantucket, MA, (508) 228-9904, <FFHEAP@yahoo.com> (1)



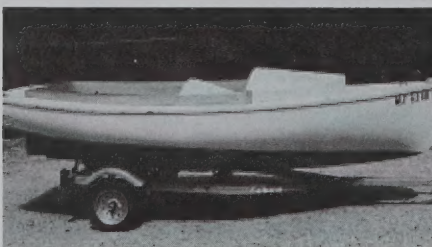
**19'6" Chebacco Motorsailer**, 9.9 Honda, wheel & tiller steering, galv trlr, vy nice finish, amost brand new. system Three epoxy & LPU paint. details on wbe at Chebacco news #17 & #24. \$14,500.

BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776. (1)



**18' White Outboard Runabout**, '50s vintage, lapstrake wood, blt & used on Maine lakes. Was going to be our "press boat" but it never happened. Deep roomy hull grt for family w/small children (hard to fall out of). Structurally sound but nds compl cosmetic restoration (sanding, painting, varnishing), been stored outside on trlr under boat cover. 35hp electric start Gale Buccaneer OB w/remot controls at wheel on dashboard fwd behind windshield, was in running cond, will nd tuneup/overhaul. Original canvas in gd cond. On Holsclaw trlr okay for hwy use, bring your trlr plate. \$1,000 firm.

BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St. Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906 6-pm best. (1)



**Sturdee Cat**, '73 FG, 14'4" x 7', 600lbs. In A-1 cond. New Caulkins trlr available. \$3,900 firm. BARBARA CHASE, 520 Temple St., Duxbury, MA 02332 (1)



**Clipper Trimaran**, 16' professionally blt w/marine grade plywood. Perfect inland water pocket cruiser, slps 2. Safe, easy to sail & fast! Day sails 4 adults w/kids playing around on the amas & in cabin. \$4,995.

STEVE TITCOMB, Blue Hill, ME, (207) 374-2315, <tstitcomb@acadia.net> (2)

**22' Bristol Fiberglass Sloop**, '75. Recent sails, rigging & winches. 9.9hp Johnson. Solid keel 3' 6" draft. Launching in April and must sell by end of May. Come for a sail. \$4,900.

STEVE BAILEY, Branford CT, (860) 673-1708. (1)

#### BOATS WANTED

**19'+/- Wooden or FG Dory**, Must have an outboard well.

AUSTIN DOVE, Skaneateles, N.Y. (315) 685-6038, <anmiduv@aol.com> (2)

#### SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

**White Polytarp Sail Kits**. Construct a sail in about 4 hrs. No sewing required.

DAVE GRAY, 7404 Madden Dr., Fishers, IN 46038, (317) 842-8106. (11P)

**Used Sails**, fair, gd, exc, some new, all sizes. Need your luff, leech, foot or useable mast & boom lengths.

PETER BROWN, Alexandria Boat Shop, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (3P)

#### SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**Bristol 26 Working Jib**, luff 30', foot 10'6".

AL FITTIPALDI, Titusville, NJ, (609) 818-0350. (1)

#### GEAR FOR SALE

**Bronze Fittings**, 30lbs from International 110 & Piver 26' Nugt. Some SS. Also keel & rudder for 110. Will sell for 1/2 price or less. Write for list.

JACK FAATZ, 114 Campus Dr., Dayton, TN 37321-6438. (2)

**14' Building Jig**, suitable for plywood or cold molded constr. Semi-V bottom OB powerboat type. Tested, proven design. Patterns incl.

RICHWOOD BOATS, Marietta, OH, (740) 350-1320. (1P)

**'84 Highlander Trlr**, w/new tongue jack. 1,000lb max wgt. Located in Ocean County, NJ. \$140. J. PENDINO, Bay Head, NJ, (732) 295-5316. (2)



There is nothing—absolutely nothing—  
half so much worth doing



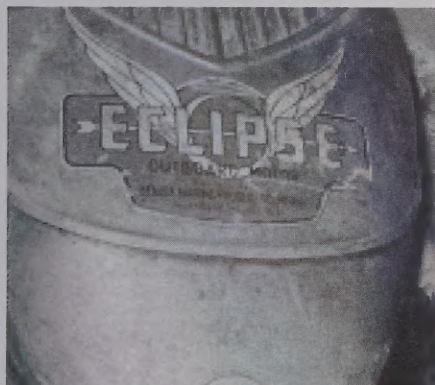
as simply messing about in boats.

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**Vintage OBs**, parts, controls.  
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (1P)

**British Seagull Model 90 OB**, 5hp w/long shaft & rereuse. Never used. \$475.  
AL FITTIPALDI, Titusville, NJ, (609) 818-0350. (1)

**British Seagull OB**, 5hp LS. \$225.  
ROBERT O'NEILL, Brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (1P)



**Eclipse OB**, made by Bendix, been in the dry shed 40+ yrs. Sell to a good home for \$100.  
PAT ATKIN, Noroton, CT, (203) 655-0886. (1)

**9.9hp Yamaha OB**, 4-cycle electr start, 25" shaft w/remote control. Indr storage last 10 yrs. Nds new control cables. Asking \$650.  
BOB DRYER, Short Hills, NJ, (973) 467-2976. (2)

#### GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond.  
FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com> (TFP)

#### BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**WoodenBoat**, #1-#150 compl in slipcases. Exc cond, incl fitted free-standing bookshelf. \$400 + shipping.  
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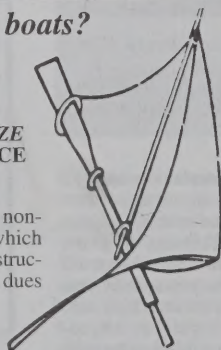
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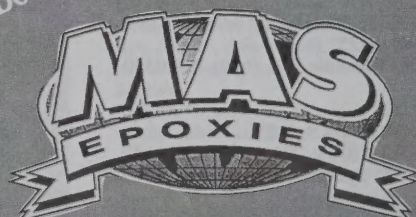
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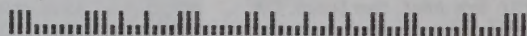
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